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NOVEMBER 27, 1981

chard Brookhiser on
HY NEW YORK
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—see page 1416

NATIONAL REVIEW

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JEFFREY HART on:
Conservatives And Modernity

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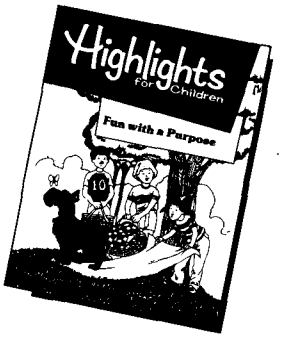

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NATIONAL REVIEW

NOVEMBER 27, 1981
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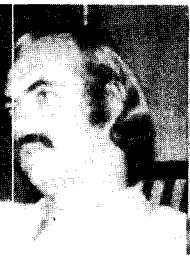

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The Cover

1401 Cuba: Payment Deferred
At the time of the 1962 missile crisis, we were told the Soviets had "backed down." The conventional wisdom of our schoolbooks still describes that event as marking the end of the cold war. But it was an early move in a chess game that is now far advanced, with the Soviets moving their big pieces to the center of the board. Consider: In World War II, with *no* naval bases in the Western Hemisphere, German submarines sank hundreds of Allied ships in the Caribbean. *Harold W. Rood*

Articles & Columns

1399 How's with Watt?
The Secretary of the Interior has made valuable policy distinctions, raised money for his party, and, er, smoked out the environmentalists. *Winston*

1400 The Greek Calamity
For a generation, the Western Alliance held on to Greece by a combination of determination and good luck. Now both have run out. *Brian Crozier*

1408 An Intelligent Woman's Guide To Modern American Conservatism
Can conservatives enjoy sex? The real question, argues George Bernard Hart, is whether good conservatives can *not* enjoy it. In the second offering in our series of conservative credos, he points to the American tradition of welcoming new possibilities, traces interesting similarities between St. Paul and Picasso, and urges conservatives to either bring natural-law theory up to date or abandon it. *Jeffrey Hart*

1416 N.Y. Loves Koch
Running on both major party tickets, Mayor Ed Koch has won re-election by carrying every precinct in New York. He tempers his liberal ideology with some knowledge of the external world, and represents the triumph of experience over hope. *Richard Brookhiser*

1421 Supply-Side Evangelism
Not only economic inflation but "psychic inflation" must be eradicated if prosperity is to survive. The President might take a lesson from Alcoholics Anonymous. *Norman B. Hannah*

Books Arts & Manners

1423 What is the current state of poetry? Minnesota, says **Hugh Kenner**. Also Michigan. And New Hampshire. And wherever you are. Homer, though he bore additional responsibilities of which modern poets have been relieved, would have understood. . . . Tom Wolfe looks at—and listens to—modern architecture; **Joseph Sobran** laughs. . . . **Terry Teachout** looks at S. J. Perelman's *The Last Laugh*, and doesn't. . . . John Irving believes in storytelling. **Charles Nicol** finds the proof in *The Hotel New Hampshire*. . . . Thomas Malthus believed in overpopulation. Unlike the disciples for whom he should not be held responsible, says **Aram Bakshian Jr.**, he was a demographic supply-sider, as William Petersen's new study shows. . . . In **D. Keith Mano**'s latest, a scrupulous plastic surgeon declines to create a race of Dolly Partons.

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan; soft-sculpture by Jennifer Long

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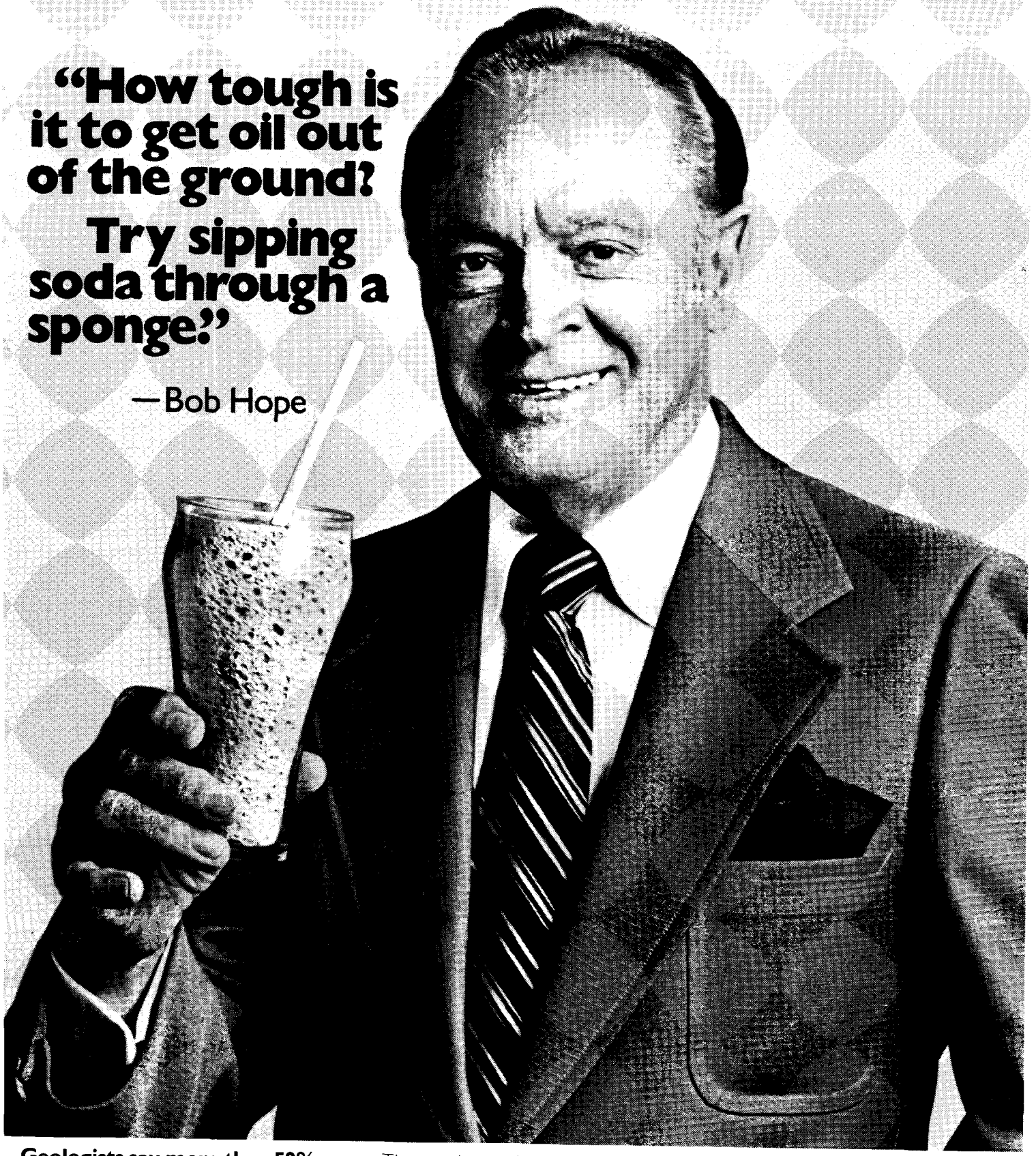
"How tough is it to get oil out of the ground? Try sipping soda through a sponge."

—Bob Hope



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Letters

Bureaucratic Collusion

Richard Brookhiser has managed to write an interesting piece about a profoundly uninteresting subject ["The Grey/Lurid World of the Trilateral Commission," Nov. 13]. All right, so the Trilateral Commission *isn't* a conspiracy. Heck. But with Rockefeller, Vance, Young, and Brzezinski, couldn't he have found at least a little hanky-panky here and there? Zbig deal.

Howard Hellman
Baltimore, Md.

Only Connect

We at the Department of Energy noted with interest the comments made by Cato in "Letter from Washington" [Oct. 2].

I refer to his praise of the President's actions on oil decontrol and the resulting benefits to consumers and the economy.

You may recall that at the time of the announcement, in January, Secretary of Energy James B. Edwards took much criticism from the media for his prediction that gasoline prices would rise only three to five cents a gallon.

In spite of a temporary rise in the first two months after decontrol (not directly attributable to the January action) prices did settle just about where Edwards predicted.

Jim Edwards is a fine public servant and deserves some credit, we believe, for following through on this Administration's commitment to stop government interference in the private sector.

Carol D. Bauman
Deputy Press Secretary
U.S. Department of Energy
Washington, D.C.

Canadian Notes

Canada's former Prime Minister, Lester B. Pearson, gets off lightly in Donald Coxe's recent article ["The KGB in Canada (Yawn)," Oct. 16]. Pearson did not "defend Norman all the way."

Herbert Norman, a popular Canadian diplomat, asked Pearson to defend him in the Canadian Parliament when the original allegation of Communist connections was made in 1953 by the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Pearson refused, saying he did not wish to give importance to "a foreign witch-hunt." But Norman interpreted this to mean that Pearson did not wish to risk his own reputation. (My memory is fresh on this because I am researching *Intrepid's Last Case*, a book about an investigation conducted by Sir William Stephenson, director of British Security Coordination. The case began with the defection of the Soviet military-intelligence officer Igor Gouzenko in 1945, and it has been re-opened as a consequence of recent claims of more Russian "moles" in the higher reaches of British and Canadian security.) I questioned Norman on the day he sought Pearson's help. He denied serving Soviet interests. I put the same questions to him in Cairo. He repeated his denials. He committed suicide there a short time later, in my opinion because he finally faced up to the realities of Soviet imperial ambitions. He was a brilliant scholar whose head had been too long in academic clouds. Pearson, on the other hand, was a political animal and sacrificed Norman when it was expedient, calculating with true Marxist zeal that the future influence of Lester B. Pearson was more important than Norman's survival.

William Stevenson
New York, N.Y.

The Teaching of America

Joseph Gerard states, in "Down with the Department of Education" [Oct. 30]: "Over the years the NEA, representing almost two million teachers, has evolved from a professional association into a militant union dominated by ideologues of the Left."

A public-school teacher for ten years, I can assure you he is correct. Several years ago I read in the NEA journal, *Today's Education*, a review critical of a Marxist book on American education.

I wrote to the reviewer, a prominent liberal professor, expressing my astonishment that such a review could appear in an NEA publication. The professor replied, detailing the story behind it.

The NEA had big plans for the book, and it did not want a negative review of this "straightforward Marxist critique of American education," which the reviewer found to be "incredibly tendentious and polemical." But the professor wasn't cooperative, despite a concerted effort by the NEA to get what it wanted, "and they had to go with it." The professor adds, "I suspect that will be the last time you see a review by me in that publication."

And indeed it was. But I notice that now the NEA has selected Michael Harrington, chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, to explain supply-side economics to the nation's teachers in the September-October issue of *Today's Education*.

We can all be grateful if Harrington's insights and such terminology as "late capitalism" are passed on to the nation's youth.

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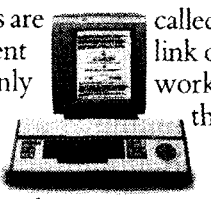

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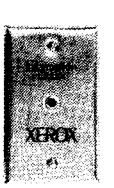

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There are many good reasons to abolish the Department of Education and to pass tuition-tax-credit and/or voucher legislation, not the least of which is that these measures would reduce the influence of the National Education Association on teachers and students.

Tom Shuford
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

The Portland Declaration

You have encouraged reader-response to Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's "conservative manifesto" ["The Portland Declaration," Oct. 16]. Ergo, the thoughts of one more or less agnostic conservative:

There are those of us, as "The Portland Declaration" admits, who vote "right" without accepting the teleological (ontological, etc.) proof of God's existence. Some of us find the world absurd but find the various alternatives to the status quo (Marxism, anarchism) even more absurd. Are we necessarily marginal conservatives, accepting the values but not the beliefs, the form but not the substance? Well, maybe; in fact, quite certainly, insofar as received values are Judaeo-Christian. But the act of producing a "conservative manifesto" implies a *re-thinking*. *Why* do we believe what we believe? Simply for the sake of argument I would like to propose, *contra* Kuehnelt-Leddihn, that "conservatism" per se ought to be seen as founded upon that thought-pattern which we loosely call *rational*: in short, upon a sort of *arche*-agnosticism.

All human thought, certainly all post-Cartesian "isms," reduce to this sort of thing, but especially "conservatism." Mr. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn has kindly provided us with the parable of Prometheus (etymologically, "fore-thought": the moral being "think first"). Exactly. We think; we weigh possibilities; we act. We don't act rashly. We *suspect*. (What? Well, *Pravda*'s rhetoric, SALT treaties, government-funded miracle cures; the list can easily go on and on.)

Conservatives ought to at least face the *question* of questioning in their discourse; and this in the teeth of St. John ("Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth"—Rev. iii, 16).

Marc W. Redfield
Ithaca, N.Y.

The Writers' Congress

I read Jeffrey Hart's editorial on the American Writers' Congress ["The Week," Oct. 30] with delight—that one long sentence of the manifesto that he quoted is alone worth the price of admission—and I was looking forward to mailing the article to a writer-professor friend in St. Louis, until I hit the last sentence: "But, 'collectively' . . . it was a gathering of unserious men and women electing to despise a society that embodies the values they profess and protects the art some of them want to create." That's unfair: Professor Hart knows perfectly well that despising society is not the *ultima ratio* of such a meeting. Why didn't he strengthen his excellent attack by putting a real "floor" under it, i.e., seeing what makes three thousand Americans who are by nature and by profession solitary meet at all?

Now, I wasn't there, but I attended a writers' panel session sponsored for some reason by the Swedish Embassy, at which the chairman of the Swedish writers' union, in existence since 1893, explained what the union (*Verbund*—Ger. *Verband*, better translated as Society or Association or League, as our Authors' Guild also avoided the term *union*, incidentally) was doing for them: it enables them to live while working on something that may not bring them a living "wage" for a long time ahead, by such devices as having the use

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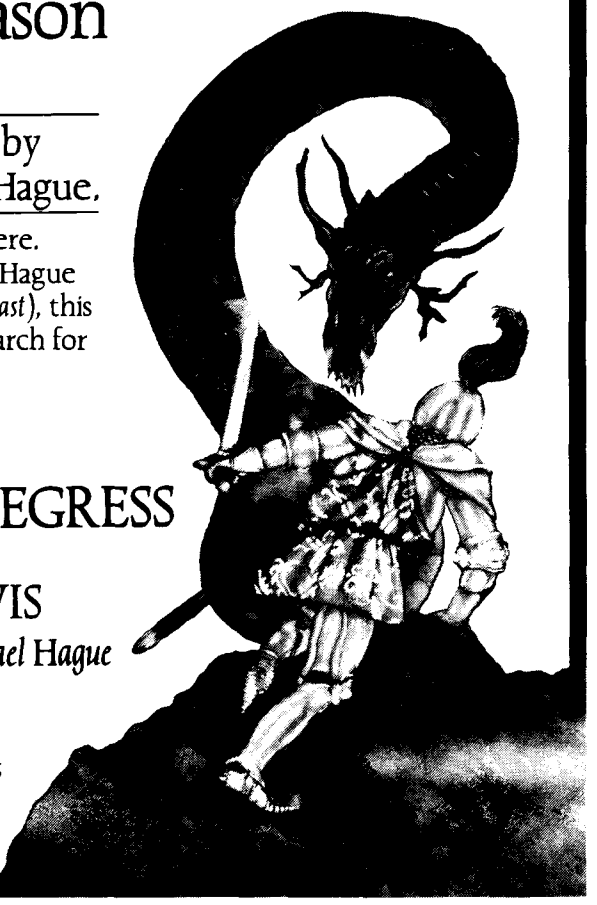

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of books in public libraries made a source of income for the writers. (In this case, the library keeps track of the number of times an author's books are borrowed and pays, via the treasury, a few pennies per "reading" toward supporting the writer for his work.) In other words, they figure out ways that a writer's intangible property can be protected and bring him a return so that he can go on working, like everybody else.

It is a horrendous fact that in our society the artist is not entitled to protection from sheer survival anxiety, compared with the plumber or bricklayer or garbage man, though he is precisely the one who needs the most peace of mind in order to concentrate on his work, and be able to do it at all.

When folks like writers, who temperamentally share Oscar Wilde's tendency to distrust socialism "because it would take too many evenings" (in that sense, alas, we've already got socialism all over, no matter what it calls itself or what color it pretends to be) and have the kind of low boredom threshold that makes meetings for practical purposes an ordeal to sit through—when such types, I say with a groan, agree to meet in order to work out some answers to their problems together, your editorialist's airy dismissal of the style in which it is done, and his imputation to them of mainly subversive intentions, is childish, and simply not worthy of him.

Sophie Wilkins
New York, N.Y.

Thank you for your thoughtful letter.

Every writer can sympathize with the practical goals you describe so well. The conference I described, however, was overwhelmingly ideological. —JH

Prison Reform

In "Rethinking Prisons" ["The Week," Sept. 18], you rightly criticize the assumptions of Bentham and Godwin. In doing so, you arrive at some assumptions of your own.

On the subject of prison confinement there are four major schools of thought: 1) the mostly discredited view that prison can rehabilitate the offender, 2) the lock-'em-away-and-protect-society set, 3) stiff sentences will deter like-minded miscreants, and 4) consign the dastard to the stony lonesome because that is what he deserves.

If the sole standard by which you determine who should hit the slammer is cost to the taxpayer, let me commend to you the State of Texas. The prisons there annually turn a profit, and even nonviolent criminals receive an enthusiastic welcome.

Meanwhile, you may have overlooked a worthwhile goal of a prison commitment. Most people would agree that confinement rarely rehabilitates a transgres-

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sor, occasionally deters him, and only temporarily (in most cases) protects society from him. However, as the California Penal Code records, "The Legislature finds and declares that the purpose of imprisonment for crime is punishment."

John A. Bell
Senior Deputy District Attorney
Alameda County
Oakland, Calif.

Augury Reader

F. Reid Buckley's account of present-day Spain ["An Angry Ex-Resident Looks—Angrily—at the Current Scene," Oct. 16] erases any wonder I may have had at the liquid state of the blood of St. Pantaleon. For centuries, it is said, the blood became liquid for about 24 hours on the anniversary of his martyrdom. On rare occasions, e.g., prior to the outbreak of the Civil War, it remained liquid rather than reverting to its usual dried state. Such a phenomenon has been a portent of woe for Spain. The latest account I have seen had it that the blood had been liquid for well over a year—one wonders why it does not boil in its vial.

Theresa Gallagher
Wallkill, N.Y.

Star Trek

Your editorial "On to Uranus" [Sept. 18] was a timely reminder of the positive benefits and national prestige that accrue to us from deep-space exploration. You noted the coincidence of the first manned orbital flight of the Space Shuttle with the initiation of Ronald Reagan's term, and the encounter with Uranus nicely timed to coincide with a possible second term. Of course, the Space Shuttle and the Voyager mission are not programs of the Reagan Administration. But we hope for that Administration's support of efforts to explore the solar system, which bring such credit to our nation and to our species.

It was particularly distressing to read news reports that the Administration might end the tracking of the Voyager spacecraft in order to save money. This would be the coup de grace for the U.S. planetary program. It is hard to believe that such is the wish of the Reagan Administration or even of its budget-cutters. George Will, in an editorial several months ago, summarized this subject best: "If our curiosity about such things atrophies, so will our humanity . . . Conservatives cannot turn space exploration over to their own loves, federalism or capitalism, to the states or the private sector. Neither Utah nor Exxon can do it. Only big government, only our government, can do it." I hope the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW agree.

Louis Friedman
Executive Director
The Planetary Society
Pasadena, Calif.

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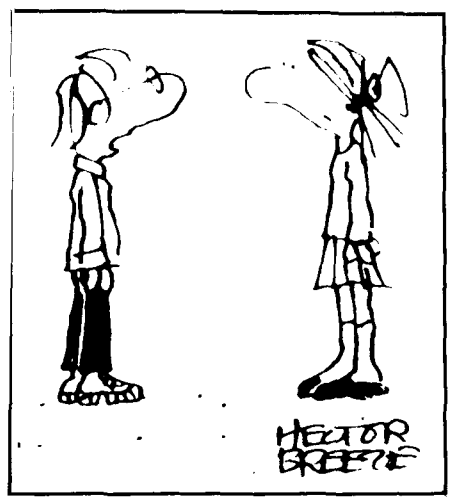
FOR THE RECORD

■ A bad year for **Big Labor**—starting last Nov. 4 when nearly as many union members voted for **Reagan** as for **Carter**—came full circle Nov. 3, 1981 when labor apparently failed to put over its candidate for governor of New Jersey, **James Florio**. The AFL-CIO sank a lot into Florio's campaign—a five-hundred-instrument phone bank, one thousand volunteer campaign workers, nearly a million pieces of literature mailed or passed out at factory doors. Despite which Republican **Thomas Kean** seems to be the winner. . . . A *Gallup* poll shows fewer Americans than ever (55 per cent) approving of labor unions, down from a high of 72 per cent. . . . Another poll (**Robert Teeter**) indicates that while only 16 per cent of union members are Republicans, 52 per cent approve of Ronald Reagan. . . . Other blows: Reagan's successful and popular handling of the air-controllers' strike; and the recession, particularly in the auto industry, that has made deep cuts in the membership of some of the more radical industrial unions, the **Autoworkers** and the **Machinists**. . . . In retaliation, the **AFL-CIO**—for the first time—did not invite either the President or his Secretary of Labor, **Raymond Donovan**, to address its convention in New York City on November 16. . . . In the other major election of the year, in Virginia, the GOP had its worst fears confirmed when 97 per cent of the black vote went for Democrat **Chuck Robb**. Says Republican National Chairman **Richard Richards**: "Any Republican who runs in an area with a substantial black vote is in jeopardy of being defeated by that black vote."

■ Political analyst **Kevin Phillips** sees the results of Nov. 3 as "inconclusive," but possibly damaging to GOP hopes for winning control of the House in 1982. Phillips reports that White House pollster **Richard Wirthlin** and political advisor **Lyn Nofziger** are now thinking in terms of a ten- to 15-seat gain for the Republicans in the House (short of the 25 needed to win control). . . . House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** is not so sure. Says he, after six months in the ring with Reagan: "He's one hell of a pol. He's a master. There's just something about the guy that people like. . . . They're rooting for him." . . . Some major problems ahead for the President: the stringent defense package Republican Sen. **Nancy Kassebaum** is pushing, to slash $25 billion from the defense budget by eliminating just about everything Reagan wants (B-1s, MX silos, nuclear carrier, etc.). Her sponsorship of these deep slashes, on top of **David Stockman**'s deep-six-the-Pentagon tactics, will make it harder for pro-defense Democrats to stick with the President. . . . Also troubling, the rift with the **Sierra Club** and other environmentalist groups who now threaten to take a hand in next year's congressional races. . . . Seen on the Hill (courtesy of Sen. **Steve Symms**), "Another Friend of **Jim Watt**" buttons.



Breeze, *Punch* Rothco

"When I grow up I'd like to be a collector of World War III memorabilia."

■ Politics '82: Democratic Rep. **Toby Moffett** (Conn.) has made it official: he will run for Sen. **Lowell Weicker**'s seat. Moffett, with an ACU rating of 6 per cent, almost makes Weicker (ACU 20) look good. . . . A "Republicans to Replace Weicker" committee is headed by **Peg Dolan**, mother of NCPAC chairman **Terry Dolan** and presidential speechwriter **Tony Dolan**. . . . **Jack Kemp** has also made it official: he won't run against Gov. **Hugh Carey** next year (although polls show him leading Carey even in New York City). Kemp, author of three-year across-the-board tax cut, believes he will be more useful to his constituents in Washington than in Albany. Kemp's action leaves field open for conservative, pro-gold-standard businessman **Lewis Lehrman**. . . . **Evans & Novak** report that columnist **George F. Will** is being wooed by Maryland Republicans to run against Sen. **Paul Sarbanes**, but they see former hostage **Bruce Laingen** as more likely candidate. Republican Rep. **Marjorie Holt** has definitely taken herself out of the race. . . . Senate decision to debate the expulsion of Sen. **Harrison Williams** (D., N.J.) Dec. 3 could gravely affect **Jeff Bell**'s political future. If Williams (who was found guilty in the Abscam case) is expelled then, will lame-duck Gov. **Brendan Byrne** hastily appoint a Democrat to that seat before leaving office January 20, or will he leave that job to his (probable) Republican successor Thomas Kean?

■ Censorship Blues: **Alan Baron** reports that campaign to ban *Making It with Mademoiselle* from a school library was going spiffingly until someone looked at the book: a sewing guide published by *Mademoiselle* magazine.

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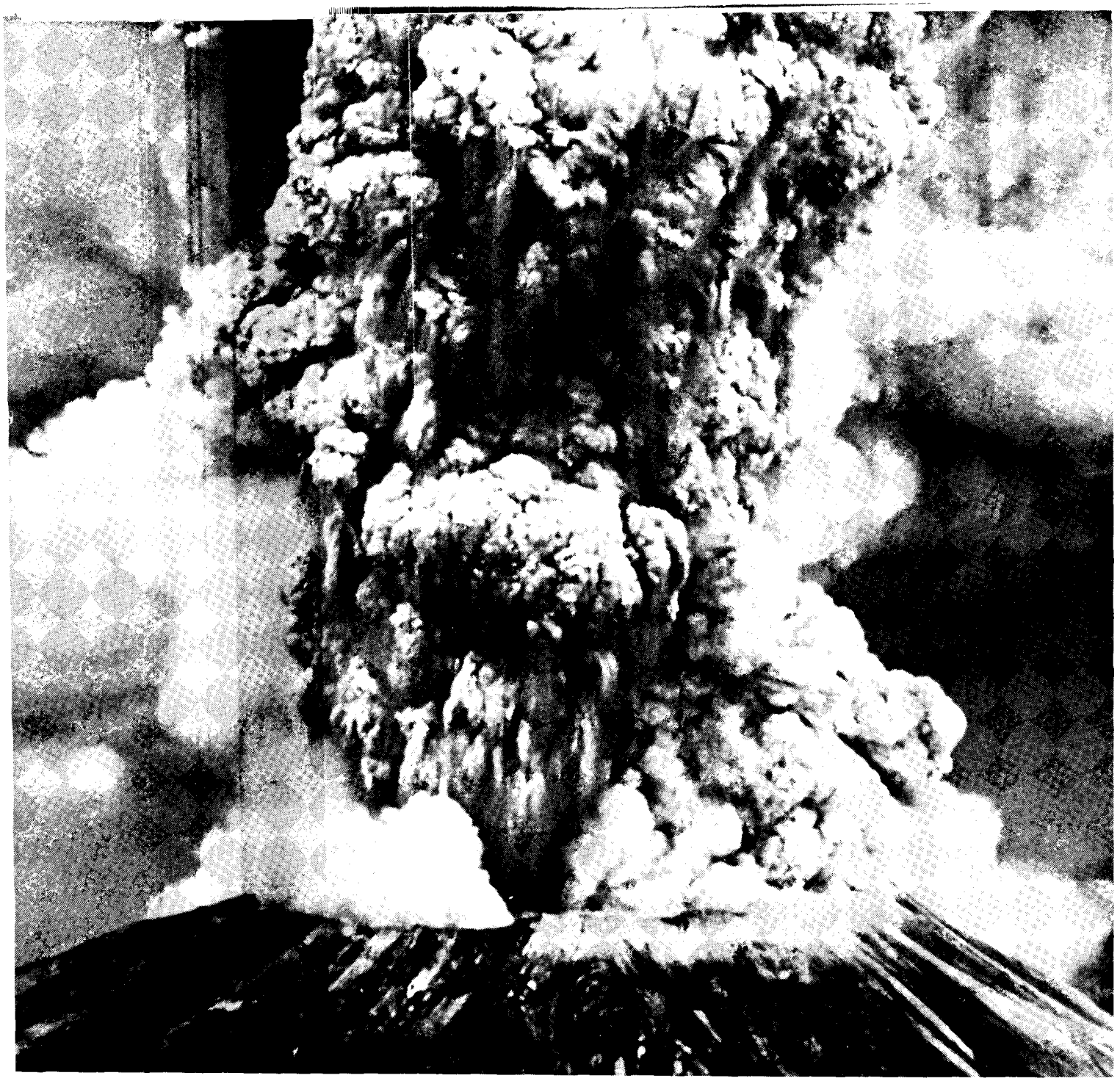

The price of corn just went sky-high.

May 18, 1980. Mt. St. Helens erupted.

A year before, noted climatologist Dr. Iben Browning had warned of volcanic activity in the area and its effects on crops and commodities.

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THE WEEK

■ Congress has voted to increase sugar price supports, to raise sugar prices, to raise sugar producers' income, to lower consumers' income, to raise consumers' blood pressure, to lower sugar consumption, to lower sugar producers' income, to increase sugar price supports, to be continued.

■ The feeling is growing in the Reagan Administration that the Office of Management and Budget has made the deficit, instead of government spending, the political issue. This has shifted Congress's attention from *cutting* the budget to *balancing* the budget. There is a big difference. The budget can be balanced by raising taxes or by using inflation to push taxpayers into higher tax brackets. Administration insiders say that this was a strategic political mistake by OMB, which let Congress off the hook and put the Administration on it. Instead of having Congress on the defensive for not controlling spending, the Administration is on the defensive for having cut taxes.

■ The Reagan Administration, as governments go, is a bullet-biter. The latest bullet to be bitten is the decision to revise the consumer price index in order to remove the volatile effects of house prices and mortgage rates, which overstate the measure of inflation. The overstatement of inflation by the CPI has been adding about 2 per cent to the labor costs of products produced by nine million union members whose contracts require automatic wage increases based on the CPI—thus adding to inflation. It has also been hemorrhaging the budget by automatically paying out cost-of-living adjustments to 81 million people on Social Security, food stamps, government pensions, and other federal benefits that increase with the CPI. The union bosses say they are going to fight the decision to measure inflation more accurately.

■ Unfortunate the Catholics of Seattle, for they must endure Raymond Hunthausen. Archbishop Hunthausen recently said: "As followers of Christ, we need to take up our cross in the nuclear age. I believe that one obvious meaning of the cross is unilateral disarmament." He then went on to "share a vision" with the people of Washington, a vision that saw "five thousand, ten thousand, one-half million people refusing to pay 50 per cent of their taxes in nonviolent resistance to nuclear murder and suicide." Fortunately for the Catholics of Seattle, and for the rest of America, the archbishop's words landed on the ears of columnist Phyllis Schlafly, who wrote: "It comes with exceedingly poor grace for an archbishop, who is about as immune from being arrested as anyone in America, to counsel others to violate the law (nonpayment of taxes) and thereby risk a prison term." Mrs. Schlafly also quoted from an article by a Catholic theologian, Charles Cardinal Journet of Switzerland: "If the non-Communist bloc unilaterally disarmed, it would give the world to the Soviet empire and would betray all the holy values, temporal and spiritual, which we ought to defend: this would be the evil of betrayal." If we could share a vision: Just imagine five thousand, ten thousand, one-half million Catholics in Seattle supplying this quote in response to the next appeal from the archbishop.

■ First came Secretary of State Alexander Haig's allusion at the Capitol to "contingency plans in the NATO doctrine" for using a nuclear detonation as a warning signal to the Soviet Union in the hypothetical event of a conventional war in Europe. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger followed up: "There is absolutely nothing in any plan that I know of that contains anything remotely resembling that, nor should it." Thereupon a White House/Defense Department follow-up follow-up ruled both statements "technically correct" and explained that "NATO, a number of years ago, identified the so-called demonstrable use as a possible option." The one thing clearly inferrable from the puzzling sequence: What was, perhaps, an apt idea in the circumstances of having a nuclear edge becomes, with the ratios reversed, equivalent to a one-armed man's raising a cautionary fist.

■ General Wojciech Jaruzelski, the new First Secretary of Poland's beleaguered Communist Party, has been treated throughout the crisis by Western analysts as some sort of moderate. An October 19 story in the *New York Times* was typical: contrasting Jaruzelski with those "whose views are more hard-line"; speculating that the leadership was "more . . . a change in

On Preserving Mr. O'Neill

Kindly do not dump on Tip.
I know, he can't hold his lip.
No, he's not gone round the bend;
He just likes to tax and spend.
As a symbol, he's the most.
(Some insist he's Lyndon's ghost.)
Mr. Speaker, we love you!
Do come back in '82.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Year-end is the season to be jolly. Alas, it is also, for Ronald Reagan, the season to purge. Ten months have elapsed since he became the nation's chief executive officer. Nearly one-fourth of his first term has entered history. By any management standard, it is time to appraise his organization, to restructure, reshuffle, cut losses. Such actions will make the government ready for a fresh start in the New Year.

Of all the Executive Branch's major entities, the prime candidate for organizational scrutiny is (and here we depart from some of our colleagues at *NR*) the staff of the National Security Council. Established in 1947, the NSC currently employs about seventy people, is budgeted at $4 million, and is headed by Richard V. Allen, NSC Advisor; James Nance, Allen's deputy; and Allen Lenz, Staff Director. By statute, the NSC's function is to coordinate policy initiatives of State, Defense, and all other agencies of the Executive Branch—domestic and foreign—insofar as they have national-security dimensions. At present, the NSC staff under Allen is suffering from grave problems of structure, of personnel, and of performance.

Structurally, the NSC staff was revamped by Reaganites with a view to reducing the kind of contention that obtained under Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski. The NSC Advisor was downgraded structurally by the insertion of an administrative layer between himself and the President. Allen reports to Ed Meese, the troika member who counsels the President on all policy issues, foreign and domestic. The theory operating here is that only equals can contend—disproven in this instance, because unequals can zing, as Allen regularly does Haig, and in so doing breeds contention.

Allen has let it be known (notably to columnists Evans and Novak) that this structural alteration is the principal reason for the NSC's current shortcomings and failures. There is a large body of opinion, however, that believes that the present structure would not pose a problem if the Advisor were someone other and more suited than Allen (say, Walter Stoessel Jr. or William Clark at State). Conversely, were the structure changed back to what it was under Henry Kissinger and McGeorge Bundy, Allen's problems would still persist because they have their roots not in flow-chart placement but in basics of "acumen" and stature (Joe Kraft's diagnosis). No matter how you box the compass, they say, Allen seems to be in the wrong job. He belongs in Commerce or any one of the prestigious and influential international trade committees where his impressive trade experience could be utilized.

As for personnel under Allen, the NSC staff, although somewhat shrunken in number, can still boast a formidable array of bright lights with only a few duds. Two of these duds, unfortunately, happen to be organizationally critical: Allen's deputy, an amiable retired rear admiral and gifted raconteur (the NSC staff suffers currently from a preponderance of present and former military, probably owing to current civilian recruitment problems, owing in turn to the NSC's current leadership problems the general weakness), and the Staff Director.

The leading light in the NSC firmament is a 57-year-old former Harvard professor, hard-liner Richard Pipes, who chaired Team B, the government-sponsored group of outside and independent experts who concluded that the CIA had undercalculated the extent of the Soviet buildup. Reportedly Pipes feels underutilized and constrained, like a circus stallion required to run around a very small ring (my metaphor, not Pipes's). Generally speaking, morale at the NSC is low.

John Kennedy tried to run the government with a deliberately enfeebled NSC, and it didn't work. Ronald Reagan is making the same mistake. This is why Haig and Weinberger are speaking with two voices (the NSC's job is to coordinate), why Allen and Haig are scrapping, why Reagan himself has been infelicitous in too many of his public utterances on international matters (and, in being thus, has unnecessarily unnerved much of the planet), and probably why we still lack an overarching strategic design in our foreign policy. Reagan's window of political vulnerability is his foreign policy, or lack thereof. All the more reason for him to have the very best expert apparatus in place at his elbow.

An hour's conversation with Haig and Allen, howsoever admonishing—even menacing—in tone, is not going to solve the President's gravest organizational problem. Surgery is needed. The political Right should support the President in any reshufflings or purges that ensue. Conservatives tend to protect their own officeholders when political credentials are in order, irrespective of competence. This is a throwback to an earlier era when conservatives were few and by reason of that fewness saw it as essential that those who were governmentally placed, remain placed. Well, thanks to divine providence and liberal lunacy, conservatives are now more plentiful in number—sufficient, in fact, that enlightened ideology is not infrequently found accompanied by acumen and stature. —CATO

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style than substance." The *Times* editorial two days later assumed that Jaruzelski would "reassure both Solidarity and Moscow." Perhaps. But the *Times* biography notes in passing that in 1960, Jaruzelski, a young man on the way up, became chief political commissar of the armed forces. Political commissars in Communist countries do more than pass out absentee ballots. They are responsible for the ideological purity of their organizations, a task in which they work closely with the secret service—that is, with the KGB. Their work is considered necessary and important; when Marshal Zhukov tried to buck the political commissars in the Soviet army in 1957, Zhukov was bounced. Not the sort of job that is casually given to moderates. On the other hand, people do change. Solidarity had better hope Jaruzelski has.

■ *A Blueprint for Judicial Reform*, put together by Paul Weyrich, will be released later this month. It contains 22 essays on the abuse of judicial power, and how to cut it back, by such redoubtables as law professors Charles E. Rice and Jules Gerard; Thomas

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Sowell; Senators East, Hatch, Grassley, and Simpson; former Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr.; and John Ashcroft, attorney general of Missouri and president of the National Association of Attorneys General. Potent stuff, full of ideas whose time has arrived. Available for $7.95, from The Free Congress Research and Education Foundation, 721 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

■ The Rockford Institute is celebrating its fifth anniversary. Among its ongoing enterprises is the publication of *Chronicles of Culture*, under the editorial direction of Leopold Tyrmand, which covers provocatively the cultural front. A representative issue carried reviews debunking Noam Chomsky's *The Political Economy of Human Rights* and Ronald Steel's *Walter Lippmann and the American Century*. The same issue featured Thomas Molnar on the French "New Right," and an editorial critique of *The Nation*. The Institute also publishes *The Rockford Papers* and *Persuasion at Work*, an almanac of political weather for businessmen. Our congratulations to the Institute on its joyous fifth. (Address: P.O. Box 5705, Rockford, Ill. 61125.) The counter-revolution continues apace.

■ Officials are at a loss to explain how that Soviet sub ran aground in Lake Tahoe, but don't believe the skipper's story that he was en route to Las Vegas and missed a turn.

■ Eskimo spokesmen say the Soviet sub they caught was hard to flense, and tasted gritty.

■ A small school of Soviet subs has been sighted in Chesapeake Bay, but officials say it's not unusual during the mating season.

■ THE VICARIOUS POOR. "Children ask the question this way: How can we eat steak while children in India go hungry?" writes Charles Krauthammer in *The New Republic*. "The question came to me somewhat differently while listening to Handel's *Acis and Galatea* at the Kennedy Center and thinking of the squalor and helplessness not two miles away on 14th Street in Washington. . . ." For God's sake, Krauthammer, *try* to keep your mind on the music.

■ Oh, oh, oh. In case you missed it, Miss Zerna Sharp, creator of Dick and Jane and See Spot Run, has passed away in Frankfort, Indiana, at 91. Dick and Jane. Taught kids. To speak. And think. In two. Or three. Word. Mon o syl lab ic. Sentences. For forty. -Five years. It seemed. Like a good. Idea at. The time. R I P.

Karlskrona Resolved

Although the sub is gone and Swedes
Deplore the Soviets' misdeeds,
The memory will shortly fade,
While once again the peace brigade
Will focus on its special hates,
The dangerous United States.
Meanwhile, impassive on his pad,
Charles XII still peers toward Petrograd.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Breaking Wave

The long assayed, but also long withheld, all-out attack on the Reagan Administration has begun. President Reagan's November 10 press conference marked the beginning of the barrage, and a turning point in his Administration. His landslide electoral victory and his initial legislative triumphs took the opposition completely by surprise. It reeled backward in political, conceptual, and rhetorical disarray.

But that phase is now over. The serious work of taking Reagan apart politically has begun.

Consider, for example, the litmus case of James Reston of the *New York Times*. Reston, although arguably over the hill, remains a good political barometer. The column Reston produced in the wake of Reagan's press conference, while exhibiting some structural incoherence, set forth the principal themes of the political warfare to come, and established the main buzz-words.

Reagan, we read, "has a tendency to say the most hard-hearted things in the most light-hearted way."

(Translation required: Reagan really *is*, confound him, trying to cut back on the federal payroll, busing, class-action suits, and cheeseburgers for schoolchildren in Grosse Pointe, and it is now time to be shocked and appalled.)

We read further: "Prime Minister Trudeau of Canada and President López Portillo of Mexico are challenging his militaristic approach . . ."

(More translation required: We are to understand that the guerrillas in El Salvador should be accorded a free ride to power. *Footnote:* Pay attention to that buzz-word "militaristic" as applied to Reagan. It occurs again, indeed, one Reston-sentence later, in "The European allies . . . are more doubtful of his militaristic attitude toward the Soviet Union." In Third World conflicts, "militaristic" means a willingness to *shoot back*. In superpower conflicts, we are to understand that forty thousand tanks and SS-20 missiles are not "militaristic.")

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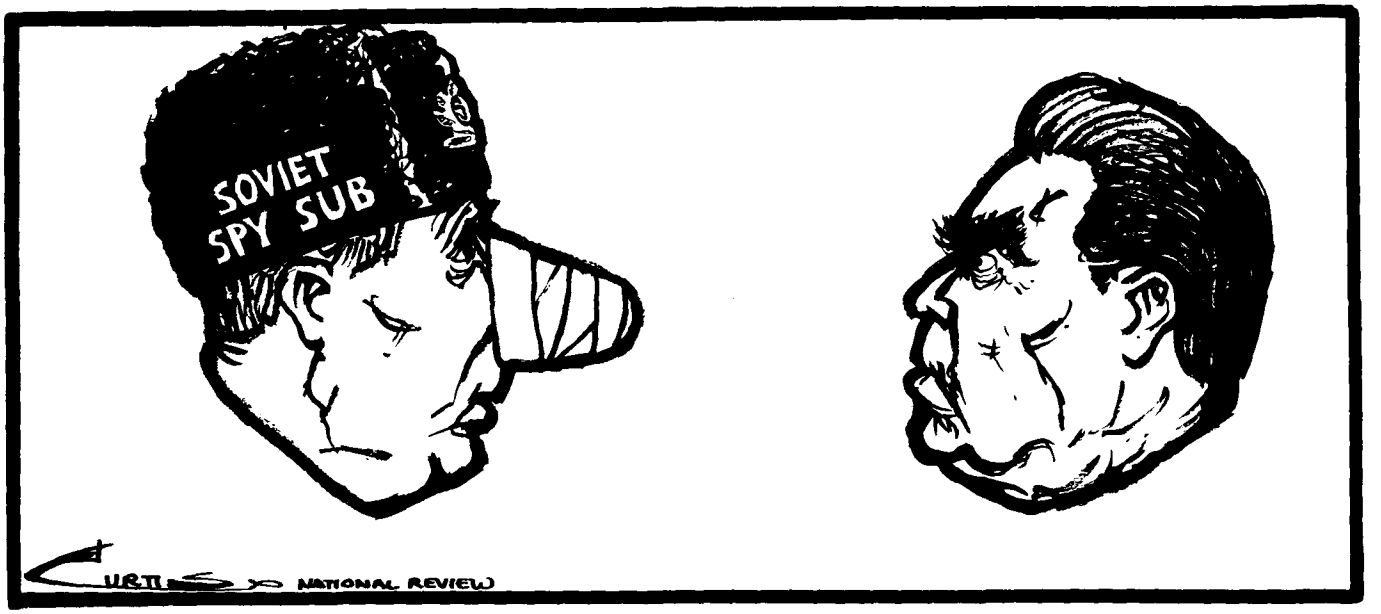

"I ran into a Swedish rock!"

Furthermore, the Europeans are "increasingly alarmed by his cold-war propaganda."

(This is a very rich formulation, endlessly unpackable. It implies that the "cold war" is *over*, and that Reagan is anachronistically trying to wage it again. It accuses Reagan of making "propaganda"—though without citing any examples. The "propaganda" must include Administration claims about Soviet use of poison gas in the Third World, support of terrorism, and so forth. Notice, here, that the *truth* of such Administration claims is not denied. We reach the interesting—perhaps arguable—conclusion that, although *true*, they are also "propaganda." In other words, it is impermissible for the Administration to make accurate public statements about Soviet behavior.)

"Israel is appalled both by Mr. Reagan's indecisive response to the Saudi Arabian peace plan and by his efforts to give sophisticated weapons to the sheikdom."

(*Note:* One of the world's major petroleum sources, utterly vital to Western Europe, is here sneered at as a "sheikdom." That phrase "indecisive response" is also rich. Reagan indicated merely that the Saudi proposal, which goes far toward recognizing Israel's right to exist, provides a basis for negotiation. Israel, of course, "decisively" rejected the plan months ago. Here Reston is trying to play the Israeli card against Reagan; usually, Reston favors "negotiations.")

"What he forgot to say was that the allies are worried, not about what the press in America is saying but about what he and his colleagues are saying about the possibility of 'limited' nuclear war."

(One component of deterrence is the adversary's perception that nuclear weapons *might* be used. To the degree that such perception is eroded, deterrence is weakened. Reston implies that "limited" nuclear war is unthinkable. Therefore, we are left with only "unlimited" nuclear war and unilateral renunciation as options. That spells strategic bankruptcy.)

James Reston, stylistically, has always been a master of outrageous hints. His prose gestures toward conclusions, but avoids reaching them. His implicit conclusions are invariably far to the left of his tone, which is ostentatiously tentative.

Here, in the wake of Reagan's press conference, Reston signals unmistakably that the political open season on the President is now under way.

Dunkirk for the President?

Encouraged by OMB Director David Stockman's determination to find a way to raise taxes, Congress has been busy passing appropriation bills that are billions over the ceiling agreed upon in the first budget resolution for fiscal year 1982. As the deficit widens from lack of spending control, David Stockman presses for yet higher taxes. Although personally overruled by the President on November 3, 4, 5, and 6, Mr. Stockman has told associates that he intends to continue his fight for higher taxes and that he expects to win it.

The President's declared budget goal is to reduce government spending as a percentage of GNP to 19 per cent by 1984. Yet Stockman has been pressing a budget on the Administration that has spending at the level of 22.2 per cent of GNP—higher than the average of the Carter years. Obviously if spending is to be at such high levels, taxes must be raised or there will be enormous deficits.

The President, however, is trying to stick to his program, reminding his budget director that his job is to cut spending, not to raise taxes. Even so, Stockman

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has put together an alliance with the Republican-controlled Senate Budget Committee. Pete Domenici, the committee chairman, and Howard Baker, Senate Majority Leader, have been pressing Stockman's case on the President, arguing for $84 billion in new taxes between 1982 and 1984.

A tax increase of this magnitude would take back 44 per cent of the individual income-tax-rate reduction signed into law in August, signaling an abrupt new turn in policy and leaving the net Republican tax cut $68 billion lower than the tax cut proposed by the Democrats last spring. Since it is unlikely that the Democrats would have cooperated with any plan to undo *their* tax cut, the American taxpayer might well be wishing that Dan Rostenkowski, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, had won his fight with the Reagan Administration over the tax bill.

Cancun Revisited

The Third World, as P. T. Bauer puts it, is that group of countries whose only common trait is demanding and receiving aid from the West. The idea of creating a permanent legal right to such aid, enforceable by international organizations, is one that would seem to strike obviously and directly at the interests of the United States. Yet that is the goal of the "global negotiations" that the United States agreed to in principle at the summit meeting in Cancún, October 22 and 23.

American diplomats stressed that they were willing to enter, not "Global Negotiations" with capital letters, but only more informal and presumably less threatening "global negotiations." What's more, President Reagan attached some rather strong conditions to our participation in the talks. One was that the Third World reconsider its own barriers to investment. That might turn the talks into real negotiations, instead of mere haggling over how much we will give up how fast. (Still, the prospect of bribing foreign governments to refrain from expropriating American firms is not an inspiring one.)

Another of Reagan's conditions was that some of the talks be carried on within existing multilateral bodies such as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, whose weighted voting systems give the United States some sort of noticeable influence. Other talks, but not votes, could be held at the UN. This too was a crucial point to insist on: we should miss no chance to keep decisions out of forums where we are outvoted by the likes of Tuvalu and Kiribati. But it is idle to hope that moving to more balanced forums will stave off damage to American interests. For one thing, countries like Canada and France like to curry favor with the wolves by throwing us to them, and the delegations of even conservative governments to these aid sessions tend not to be much better. The egregious Brandt Commission, which gave the major push to the Global Negotiations, was top-heavy with such figures as Tory Edward Heath.

Moreover, the one-nation, one-vote UN groups are already moving to arm themselves with vast new economic and regulatory powers, and will keep on doing so whether or not the official global talks get anywhere. The Law of the Sea pact is part of this trend; so is the UNESCO press code; so is the infant-formula code. While the Administration has been resisting this power play, it has been hampered by two problems. One is that the American public has still not been alerted to the dangers of ceding sovereignty to transnational bureaucracies on *any* pretext, good or bad. The other, as Richard Berryman and Richard Schifter point out in an article in the current *Regulation*, is that previous Administrations agreed to and even proposed some of the worst power grabs by international bodies.

None of this is to say that the West does not bear a share of guilt for the poverty of the Third World. Indeed Western examples provided the model for such debacles as central planning, food subsidies, toy national airlines. Western development experts helped convince many poor nations to squander their scanty resources on "import substitution"—building factories to produce goods they could buy far more cheaply abroad—instead of integrating themselves into world trade; and Western aid enabled Nyerere to pursue his ruinous collectivization policy in Tanzania. Now *that* is real neocolonialism.

Voting Wrongs

When the Voting Rights Act was passed by Congress in 1965 it was justified as a temporary emergency measure. Some Southern jurisdictions had abused literacy tests and other ostensibly neutral devices so as to prevent eligible blacks from registering to vote. The 1965 Act forbade abuses and also required jurisdictions that had employed them to "pre-clear" any changes in their voting laws with the Justice Department. Complaints about the constitutionality and the wisdom of this "second Reconstruction" were answered by reference to the enormity of the wrong and the brief duration of the remedy. Any covered jurisdiction would be able to "bail out" of the pre-clearance requirement after five years by showing that it had not used any discriminatory test or device.

The emergency, however, got worse and worse, as federally regulated emergencies tend to do. The Voting Rights Act was extended and the scope of its coverage expanded in 1970 and 1975. The most important change, however, has been a subtle administrative and

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judicial redefinition of the problem addressed by the Act. Compliance is no longer measured by the absence of overt discrimination or even by the number of blacks who register and vote, but by the number of "minority districts" and of black and Hispanic elected officials. The Carter Justice Department generally disapproved redistricting plans that created fewer "minority districts" than it was theoretically possible to create by artful use of the gerrymander. The United States District Court for the District of Columbia, where all bail-out suits and appeals from Justice Department objections must be brought, has adopted a similar standard for deciding whether a jurisdiction has "denied or abridged the right to vote" within the meaning of the Act. The affirmative-action principle, superimposed on the right to vote, has produced the right to win.

The new Voting Rights Act Extension of 1981, already passed by the House, would ratify and extend this redefinition. Every state in the Union, including states that never intentionally discriminated, would be forced to explain to the satisfaction of a federal judge why they have elected fewer black officials than they ought to have done. Any state or local government that fails this test in a single lawsuit could be forced to submit all future election-law changes to pre-clearance by the Justice Department. And the bail-out formula has been refined so as to make such actions virtually impossible: a single objection by the Justice Department to any proposed new law, for instance, would preclude bail-out for ten years. Nor could a jurisdiction bail out while a suit challenging its voting laws, no matter how frivolous, has been filed and not yet finally resolved. Coincidentally, the bill passed by the Democratic House would allow no bail-out suits until August of 1984. A few months later, they hope, a Mondale or a Kennedy Justice Department will be administering the law.

The version of the Voting Rights Act endorsed by President Reagan would require that intentional discrimination, not just disproportionate results, be shown in order to prove abridgment of the right to vote. It would also allow state and local governments to win exemption from pre-clearance requirements by proving that they had not actually discriminated. Unsubstantiated Justice Department objections and frivolous lawsuits would not prevent a jurisdiction from proving its unblemished record. The stringent penalties attached to proven abridgment of the right to vote, as well as pre-clearance requirements for covered jurisdictions that cannot prove non-discrimination, remain intact in the Reagan version. The President would be wise to insist on his amendments. The Republican Senate should resist the temptation to capitulate to the charges of racism that will be leveled at opponents of the House bill—charges that are ritually hurled at those who do not equate civil rights with racial quotas, federal power, and the fortunes of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party.

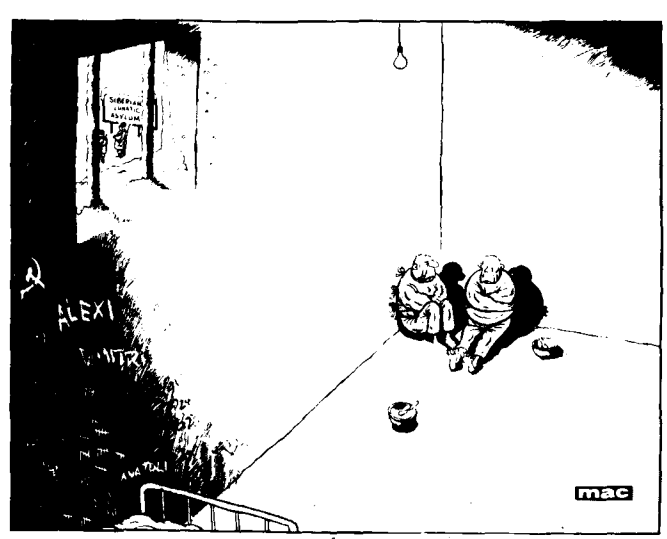
The Real Commitment

The Reagan Administration is cutting back on affirmative-action requirements for employers and government contractors—"back[ing] away," in the *New York Times*'s editorial phrase, "from the affirmative-action commitment."

Uh—just whose commitment is that? Everyone, including its sponsors, understood the 1964 Civil Rights Act to forbid racial discrimination, period. Though we still regard the act as overweening, we know what it meant: it was an attempt to correct what was seen as a glitch in the free market, the better to enable minorities to compete.

"Affirmative action," on the other hand, is a purely bureaucratic device, with little popular support. That such a policy could endure so long tells one a lot about how the country is really governed. Its presumption is that the market will not, for the foreseeable future, operate fairly, and that racial equality requires the brokerage of progressive-minded bureaucrats, the New Class.

Most governing elites have survived by creating dependent constituencies. "Affirmative action" is a device that both legitimizes the New Class and enhances its power by postulating that blacks—and women, and Chicanos, and anyone who can plausibly pass for a victim group—can succeed only with a hand from above. When enough people see such a policy as benefiting them, it becomes hard for a majority to dislodge it. Bertrand de Jouvenel long ago warned that we were headed for a political and economic order in



Mac, *Daily Mail* Rothco

"I whispered 'Ban the Bomb' to a comrade in Red Square."

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which success would depend on membership in a group with pull, personal achievement becoming irrelevant.

Black and feminist organizations have signed up with the New Class, reacting hysterically to the empirical demonstrations of George Gilder, Thomas Sowell, and others; demonstrations that the free market works, and meddling with it doesn't. The Administration is showing more moral and intellectual integrity than its critics. And it is expressing the real commitment of the American people.

No Canada?

After numerous transatlantic phone calls, a delphic Supreme Court decision, and a year of bitter dickering, nine of Canada's provinces have finally agreed to accept Pierre Trudeau's proposed overhaul of the Canadian constitution.

The tenth, still-recalcitrant, province is of course Quebec, which now sees itself ganged up on by all of English Canada. To protect its cultural purity, Quebec wants to be able to teach only French in its schools, and to impede the movement of English-speaking workers into the province—powers that would be denied it under the new federal system. Quebec's woeful economic condition—mining and lumbering down; agriculture in shambles; a $5-billion deficit, as large as the deficits of all the other provinces combined—is sure to exacerbate resentment. "Quebec is all alone," was how Premier René Lévesque put it. Lévesque's Parti Québecois, which has been soft-pedalling separatist politics of late, will start pedalling hard. Trudeau has gotten his charter, and Canada will get a headache.

A Tale of Two Systems

Front page, *New York Times*, November 8—Henry Kamm, chief Asian diplomatic correspondent of the *New York Times*, reporting on Southeast Asia: "Capitalist lands are thriving. A constant amid the turmoil is the continuing rise, however uneven in many aspects, of the standard of living and the state of peace in the countries of the region that reject Communism, while the three Communist countries are mired in war, social upheaval, and economic stagnation or decline. What clogs traffic in Bangkok and Jakarta are not only the sedans of the elite but also the motorbikes of the average man and, increasingly, woman. There is also the rising prevalence, particularly in Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, of modest family cars. In villages, in which a decade ago few mechanical devices were in use, bicycles, the occasional moped or even motorcycle, and frequent sewing machines, tell of a gradual, if uneven, amelioration.

"Sadly, visits in recent years to Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos showed a considerably reduced quality of life. The people were badly fed and dressed, motorized transport [was] reserved for high government and Communist Party officials. In the countryside, even working animals are rare. A distinguished Vietnamese physician from the North, interviewed in Hanoi in 1979, said that generations of Vietnamese would bear the 'stigmata' of the malnutrition of the present period."

Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh,
The NLF is gonna win.
Yeah.

It's the Pits

Some hubbies face the doghouse
When things annoy the wife.
Siberia's for Russians
And frequently for life.
In prisons, solitary
Is where offenders stay.
Where Reagan's sending Packwood
I'm too polite to say.

W. H. VON DREELE

Hatch or Helms?

For the first time in its campaign against abortion, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops has endorsed a specific piece of legislation: the "human-life federalism" amendment to the Constitution sponsored by Senator Orrin Hatch. The amendment doesn't actually ban abortions; instead it bestows upon Congress and the state legislatures joint jurisdiction over abortion, thereby ousting the judicial branch from territory that has been ruled by the courts ever since the Supreme Court decreed the right to abortion in 1973. Though many in the anti-abortion movement prefer other vehicles, such as a constitutional amendment to ban abortions outright or the human-life bill that defines life as beginning at conception, the bishops believed these other measures would have less chance of winning approval. The Hatch amendment, said the president of the bishops' conference, Archbishop John R. Roach, was an "achievable solution."

Whether Hatch's amendment is in fact achievable is another question. To win approval, the amendment would of course need two-thirds of the vote in each house of Congress, plus the approval of three-quarters of the states. Anyone who thinks this is easy

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should ask the supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment. Furthermore, the Hatch amendment has kindled little enthusiasm among the people who would be crucial to its passage, the anti-abortion activists.

Meanwhile, Jesse Helms is marching ahead with his human-life bill, which appears to have the support of most anti-abortion activists. Since the Helms bill doesn't call for any changes in the Constitution, it needs only simple majorities in both houses of Congress, and the bill's supporters say they already have that in the Senate, and are close to it in the House.

Secularism: Closing Time

During the past five years, the Shroud of Turin has come out of the closet. It has crossed the epistemological threshold into public consciousness, moved from largely religious circles into the major media. The occasional book or article of a decade ago has become a veritable flood; within the past few weeks, articles on the Shroud have appeared in *Harper's*, the *Washington Post*, the *New York Daily News*, and the *New York Post*, to name the ones that have come to our attention.

The epistemological catalyst, fittingly enough, has been modern science and technology. Science, which so powerfully affects our conception of reality, now attacks the central presuppositions of modern secularism. The essential facts about the Shroud have been known since the earlier work of Vignon and Barbet, and others, but during the past three years these facts have been supported and augmented by the work of scientists at the Los Alamos National Laboratory (the Shroud of Turin Research Project there is called STURP) and at the University of Colorado. They have brought to bear on the Shroud all of the relevant advanced technology, much of it derived from the space program: computers, image analyzers, microscopy, chemical analysis. The image analyzer at the University of Colorado, for example, reveals that the image has a flawless three-dimensional character, unlike any photograph or painting. Scientists there have created an accurate sculpture of the Man of the Shroud. They have determined that he was 5'9" and weighed about 165 pounds. His hair is matted, he has Semitic features, and there are traces of dirt near the soles of his feet.

Kenneth Stevenson, a Dallas computer engineer, has calculated the odds. They are, he says, 83 million to 1 that the Shroud belonged to Jesus.

John Jackson, a scientist at the University of Colorado, says: "As for whether the image is Christ's, all I can say is that the wounds are consistent with the Gospel accounts. I mean this was no ordinary execution. Look at the guy! Somebody really wanted to do him in, not just kill him but torture him to death."

Kenneth Stevenson and a colleague, Gary Habermas, argue in a new book that "there is no practical possibility that someone other than Jesus" was buried in the Shroud. Tests found no evidence of decomposition, though pathologists believe the man it contained was dead. The analysis indicates that the body was not removed by human means, since the bloodstains are intact and anatomically precise, whereas they would have been smeared or broken if the cloth had been removed normally. Like all other investigators, Stevenson and Habermas are unable to say how the image was imprinted on the cloth, but they conclude that it was done by some "extraordinary" means unknown to science.

To a degree of probability that would have impressed David Hume, the Shroud of Turin strongly indicates that the Gospel narrative is, well . . . true. It looks as if we may actually possess a kind of photograph of the Resurrection.

Christians, of course, do not doubt that the Resurrection occurred—although a photograph to buttress that faith is no triviality. But we may also be about to witness widespread and momentous recognition that secularism as a world view is kaput.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was very disappointed in your article titled "Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation" [Nov. 13]. Does William Rusher have some pictures of you from Yale that permits him an article once a year? He tells me in succinct but boring prose the location of your known offices. Do you have unknown offices? Quite frankly I couldn't care less what you do with your 2,787 office copies, although maybe some readers might. I shall boycott your magazine if such writing style spreads beyond Mr. Rusher's column.

Yours truly,
Dennis Shuler
Banff, Alberta
Canada

Dear Mr. Shuler: Don't you believe in affirmative action? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In "Hollywood Piety" (*NR*, Sept. 18) you say "Hollywood priests were Bing Crosby . . . or Spencer

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Tracy . . . or Ingrid Bergman . . ." Ingrid Bergman? Let's have nun of this.

Joseph N. Sweeney
Silver Spring, Md.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Rob Sennott

While you were out of the country, the *New York Times* published some "Not So Vital Statistics" on the President, which I pass along.

Not So Vital Statistics

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1 — For President Reagan watchers — and trivia collectors — a few essentials about the man in the White House:

Height and weight — 6 feet, 1 inch; 184 pounds.

Waist — 36 inches; shirt collar, 16 inches; sleeve, 33 inches.

Eyesight — Contact lenses to correct near-sightedness, half-glasses for reading.

Overcoat size — 44; shoe size, 10½ B; hat size, 7.

Allergies — Rhinitis (hay fever) for which he takes shots.

Hobbies — Collecting Western art and trappings: spurs, belts, saddles, saddle-buckles, blankets, old prints.

Nighttime snacks — Very few, but when he does indulge, he likes fresh fruits. He's also a popcorn freak.

Favorite food — Macaroni and cheese.

Sweet tooth? — He'll always go for vanilla ice cream, in addition to his favorite jelly beans. He's also fond of carrot cake.

Favorite television show — "Little House on the Prairie."

Favorite wine — California Cabernet Sauvignon.

Current reading — "The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt" by Edmund Morris, "Peter the Great" by Robert Massie.

Favorite magazine — National Review.

Favorite time of day — Early morning.

Favorite sport — Horseback riding; as he says, "There's nothing better for the inside of a man than the outside of a horse."

Pajamas? — Yes.

Clothing styles — His vintage California suits are both single and double vent; his slacks, with and without cuffs.

Gimmicks — He carries and uses a little pen full of saccharin for sweetening his beverages. He pulls it out and pumps it like a ballpoint to disperse powdered saccharin, the equivalent of a teaspoonful of sugar per cup.

Favorite saying — "There is no limit to what a man can do or where he can go if he doesn't mind who gets the credit."

Political superstition — Never accept victory until it's delivered. In the last election, he would not make a victory statement until all three networks showed him defeating Jimmy Carter. With only two of the three reporting, he told aides, "Let's wait."

Lucky number — 33, a number he calls "very precious to me." He was No. 33 in college football, the 33d Governor of California, and at 3:33 on a Sept. 3, his California ranch came out of escrow.

Hedrick Smith

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have heard of the "obscene profits" problem, but I have not yet seen any attention devoted to the "obscene notoriety" problem. Some individuals have such a penchant for achieving fame and notoriety that it makes the rest of us underprivileged.

My modest proposal is that the government become involved in the redistribution of notoriety. A national poverty level for notoriety would be established, and the government would undertake to provide a "floor," ensuring that all below would receive a proper measure of fame, by taxing the "obscene notoriety" currently being accumulated by some individuals.

Under my plan, for example, you would have part of your fame and notoriety taxed away, since to be a columnist, author, editor, and television personality merely indicates grasping selfishness on your part. This would be done by having you perform under someone else's name. Quite frankly, I don't expect you to agree with this, because your attitude toward "obscene profits" does not incline me to think you will have any sympathy for "obscene notoriety."

But what about John Kenneth Galbraith? He believes in redistribution, and he has certainly garnered obscene notoriety. His next book would be written under someone else's name. But, you say, if he can't get credit as the author, he won't be motivated to write the book. He doesn't think that works in the economic field, so why should it work in the notoriety field? Besides, wouldn't the world be a better place if my plan had been put into effect after he wrote his first book?

Best regards,
David R. Stone
Cobham, Surrey
England

P.S.: On the off-chance you like my plan, could your next Blackford Oakes novel be ascribed to me? I need the notoriety.

Dear Mr. Stone: Are you unnotorious enough? I'll check in *Who's Not Who*. Cordially, WFB

■ Question: Where did the following appear?

"How did we ever get into this mess, and what should we do about it? It's easier to try the first question. The United States has been living beyond its means. This shows up in the budget. In the last sixty years the Treasury has been in the black only 14 times, and the last balanced budget was Johnson's in 1969. A nation can live on credit for a while; it goes into the market to borrow as prices rise. Recently the Treasury has been elbowing everybody else out of the way in a competition for funds which sends interest rates up. The current interest rate, at about 19 per cent, is preposterous. In the last two years the Treasury has borrowed $80 billion. America is living on a credit card. Has a crunch come?"

Answer (check one):

( ) NATIONAL REVIEW, Volume I, No. 1
( ) Inaugural Address, Herbert Hoover, March 1929
( ) *The New Republic*, Volume 185, Number 15, October 14, 1981, by TRB

—WFB

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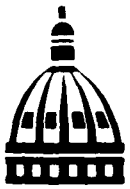
The Current WISDOM



How's With Watt?

WINSTON

JAMES GAIUS WATT, Secretary of the Interior, is a survivor. This is no small feat, considering that Watt spent July and August on a wheel of fire, when hardly a day passed that some politician (notably Messrs. Udall, Cranston, and Kennedy) or some environmental group did not call for Watt to resign or for the President to sack him. During these months his Department was tense and jittery, morale low. Thanks principally to Watt's equanimity under stress and his tenacity of purpose, the bureaucrats hung tough, and Interior still serves the Republic.

In September the situation began to stabilize for Watt, and since then his fortunes have been slowly but steadily climbing, despite one of the cruelest, best organized, and most prolonged onslaughts in recent memory. The current wisdom is not only that Watt will make it but, indeed, that he may be engineering one of the more dramatic public-image turnarounds we have seen. Already Watt is one of the three top GOP *fundraisers (including Reagan himself)*, and is probably not number three.

For his first five months in office, Watt by design concentrated solely on administration and management. He moved boldly to yank the recalcitrant Interior bureaucracy in a new direction, as when he fired in one fell swoop 51 excessive lawyers and clerks from the solicitor's office. During those five months, Watt gave out only two interviews, stayed in Washington, read résumés, interviewed candidates, sketched flow charts, and slapped around the Bureau of Land Management bureaucrats until they began treating Westerners more like citizens and less like poachers. (This coerced change in the BLM's collective attitude defused the Sagebrush Rebellion, by the way.) From an MBO (Management by Objective) standpoint, Watt gets high grades. But from a political, public-relations standpoint, Watt flunks. By concentrating exclusively on management, Watt left the environmental battlefield entirely to the opposition, viz., that coalition of preservationist groups that had met in the Rose Garden in September 1980 to endorse Jimmy Carter and urge the defeat of Ronald Reagan—unprecedented political acts for allegedly apolitical types.

Later, these environmentalists were joined by other liberals who were being denied their conventional left-wing causes—like welfare expansion, or food-stamp program enlargement, or jail reform, or busing—because Ronald Reagan had successfully co-opted this social agenda with powerful political actions of his own, notably his economic program. Environment, really, was the only theater left for these frustrated *causistes*.

IN LATE August, Reagan's Holy Trinity got into the act (counselors Meese, Baker, and Deaver) and urged Watt not to pull his punches but to get on the road and tell his story directly to the people. The electorate should learn directly from you what you think, they told him, as opposed to what the Sierra Club says you think. In early September, Watt launched his stump tour at the Western Governors Conference in Wyoming, putting on a day-long performance that drew kudos from the pols and influential media types present.

Audiences around the nation are pleasantly surprised to find that Watt is not the Frankenstein that ecology freaks have made him out to be. And they like his sharp distinction between preservation and conservation, the former converting nature into an end in itself, a religion, that leaves man out. Preservationism is for the select few who have the money and time for the pursuit of solitary wilderness, as Congressman William Dannemeyer (R., Calif.) has appropriately noted, while conservationism sees nature as an instrument, a dynamic one, for enriching *all* the people spiritually and economically. The latter necessitates, of course, rational and balanced economic growth—a growth rooted in the development of our natural resources.

But there's the rub. Preservationism is what Watt inherited at Interior, entrenched preservationism, i.e., little or no development. Although our federal lands contain well over one-half of the coal in America there has not been a single major coal lease issued in ten years. In resource-laden Alaska, Watt next month is holding an onshore federal oil and gas lease offering—the first in 15 years. Applications to explore the Overthrust Belt have lain on bureaucrats' desks at Interior for a decade and longer, yet oil shale, tar sands, and coal in that Belt contain enough energy to meet our domestic needs for literally hundreds of years.

Watt's upsurge has been helped by the recent loss of credibility suffered by the powerful Sierra Club. A top-secret, 12-page, minutely detailed memorandum from Sierra's top brass dealing with the generation, collection, and delivery of anti-Watt protest signatures, with crassly manipulative instructions for persuading journalists and the public to view the phenomenon as "grass-roots," plus the use of this politico-media event as a membership recruitment lure, was picked up by the press, who found its style worthy of comparison to some of the more imaginative offerings of G. Gordon Liddy (sorry, Gordon). As everyone knows, Sierra is a crypto-political outfit (its tax exemption has been removed) at best, and now that the fact is publicly recognized, Watt will be fighting a seen enemy, almost a political party in miniature, and that should make the going easier for him.

It used to be said that the Reagan Administration had three true believers: David Stockman, James Watt, and Ronald Reagan. With Stockman having recently gone over the side (alas, he now favors upping taxes and, in so doing, screwing supply-siders), only two are left. It behooves the GOP establishment, nationally and regionally, to get behind Watt, as have Senators Goldwater, McClure, Symms, Laxalt, Stevens, et al. In an age of trimmers, true believers are an endangered species, and so deserve all the protection they can get. □

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The Greek Calamity

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

HOW LONG will it take Greece's new Socialist Premier, Andreas Papandreou, to make clear whether he really *meant* the dire threats or promises he made during the electoral campaign? Whatever the interval, I doubt that events will overtake this column.

The victory of the Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) was even more sweeping (i.e., worse) than I had anticipated. It is an intersting reflection, though not a consoling one, that this is the first non-conservative administration Greece has had since, with British and American help, the murderous Communist conspiracy of the 1940s was defeated—the first *non-conservative* administration, not the first bad one . . .

In *A Theory of Conflict*, some years ago, I gave Greece as a prime example of the irresponsibility of party politicians. What never ceases to amaze is the readiness of "intellectuals" and the media to blame soldiers for seizing power (in Greece, Chile, Argentina, and so forth) when they should be thanked for rescuing their respective countries from the follies of civilian politicians. Among the latter, two in particular bear heavy responsibility for what has happened in Greece. Both were named Papandreou: one was Andreas, the other his father, George.

Greek Defection?

The elder Papandreou, who was 76 in in 1964 when he returned to power, brought his anti-American (though American-educated) son into office with him as "Minister to the Prime Minister" (his father). The Papandreous, between them, appointed a number of fellow-travelers of the Greek Communist Party (KKE) to positions in the Greek Central Intelligence Service. In January 1965, the government, while maintaining the existing ban on the KKE, freed many Communists or Communist sympathizers from jail. While the Papandreous were around, the membership of the KKE's legal front, the United Democratic Left (EDA), *doubled*: a symptom of the sickness which the Greek Colonels tried, for a while successfully, to treat.

The EDA subsequently vanished, because its raison d'etre had gone. When the Colonels were overthrown, the self-exiled Constantine Karamanlis (still president) returned to Athens and promptly legalized the KKE. Hence, no need for a front.

The importance of all this far transcends the limited confines of Greece. Politicians come and go, but the strategic location of Greece remains. The Truman Doctrine of 1947, designed to rescue Greece and Turkey from the Communist threat at a time when Britain, under the postwar Labor government, was too weak and poor to shoulder the burden, was both necessary and historically important. If the worst consequences of Andreas's victory (for example, Greece out of NATO and the EEC) are fulfilled, a Truman Doctrine Mark II may be needed.

Under its conservative governments, Greece had hostile neighbors to the north: Bulgaria, the ultimate yes-man of the Soviets' European empire; Albania (still technically at war with Greece); and even neutral Yugoslavia, which covers Salonica. Turkey and Greece were supposed to be allies in NATO, but since the Turkish invasion of Cyprus you would hardly know it.

If Greece did withdraw from NATO, America and Britain might well decide to support the Turkish position on Cyprus, where the Communist Party lately strengthened its position, creating a real security risk to Mediterranean sea lanes. It might be undesirable on grounds of ethnic justice to encourage Turkey to take over the whole island, but with a Communist-line Greece and a Communist-line Cyprus, it might make strategic sense.

All this leads one to reflect, not for the first time, on the unfortunate connection between domestic party politics and strategic security. There was a time, historically recent, when local CPs could be safely left to defeat themselves at the polls.

This period of grace was short. In postwar terms, it lasted, say, from 1945 to 1974 in Britain, from 1947 to 1981 in France, from 1949 to 1981 in Greece, and from 1945 to 1976 in the United States. In other words, Britain was safe during the anti-Communist Labor government of Attlee and Bevin and until the advent of Harold Wilson's "penetrated" government of February 1974; France from the time the Communists left the government in 1947 until this year's presidential election; Greece from the defeat of the Communist insurgency in 1949 until October 18, 1981; and America until the advent of what I feel was the "penetrated" Carter Administration in 1976-77.

What do I mean by "penetrated"? We must really guard against a common failing of scrupulous anti-Communists, that of supposing that only people who are members of a Communist Party are Communists. If this distinction were valid, the contributions of, say, Klaus Fuchs or Kim Philby to the Communist cause could safely be dismissed as irrelevant, since neither of them ever joined the Party.

Soviet Penetration

No self-avowed Communist (in the sense of a member of the CPUSA) served in the Carter Administration, but there were certainly a number of individuals whose policies were designed to further the Communist cause. Similarly, even the deeply penetrated Labor Party of Michael Foot does not include a single avowed member of the CPGB; but the party is by no means short of Communists by other names, or none. Even in France, with its large CP, there has been a heavy Marxist-Leninist penetration of François Mitterrand's Socialist Party; ditto with Helmut Schmidt's SPD.

The alarming fact is that in many countries, of which those I have named are a tiny sample, the Communists, frustrated by their permanent lack of electoral appeal, have simply switched tactics to the massive penetration of "respectable" parties, trade unions, and other organizations. Indeed, Lenin decreed that they should do so, and the process of penetration is not new: the new factor is the *scale* of it, which now endangers all Western political systems, no matter how well-established they appear to be. □

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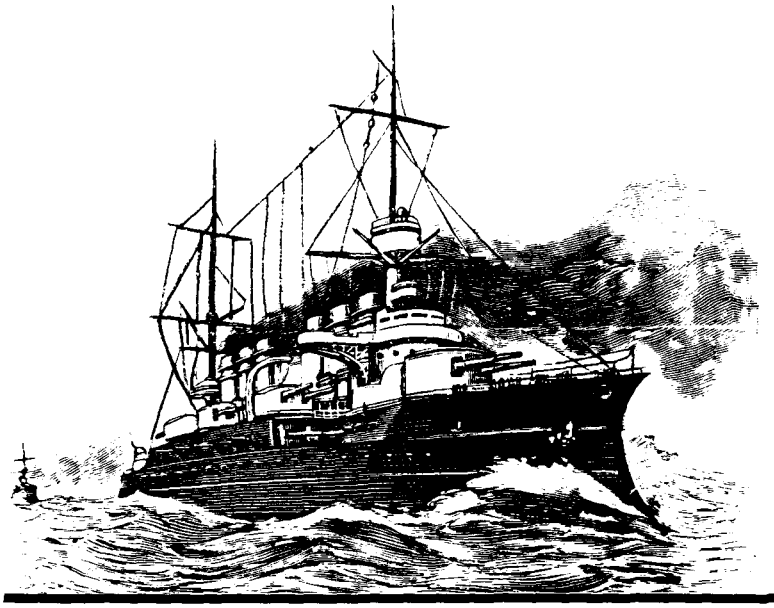
HAROLD W. ROOD



Cuba: Payment Deferred

On August 13, 1762, the fortified city of Havana, and with it the island of Cuba, fell to a combined force of the British Army and the Royal Navy after a siege lasting two months. Havana had been the strongest Spanish base in the Caribbean/Gulf of Mexico; from its fine, protected harbor Spanish ships had commanded maritime communications between the motherland and her possessions on the North American mainland, and had exerted authority over her New World empire. When Havana fell, it marked the beginning of British and later American supremacy in the Caribbean. The battle for Havana was the last important American engagement of the French and Indian War, the outcome of which was the dissolution of the French Empire in North America, and the beginning of the end of the Spanish Empire.

The importance of Cuba lies now, as then, in its peculiar position. As Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan observed in a *Harper's* article in June 1897, "Cuba has no possible rival in her command of the Yucatan Passage, just as she has no competition in point of natural strength and resources for control of the Florida Strait which connects the Gulf of Mexico with the Atlantic." In *The Interests of America in Seapower, Present and Future*, his book of the same year, Mahan went on to define the intrinsic advantage that Cuba enjoys:

> Regarded, therefore, as a base of naval operations, as a source of supply to a fleet, Cuba presents a condition wholly unique among islands of the Caribbean . . . such supplies can be conveyed from one point to the other, according to the needs of a fleet, by interior lines, not exposed to the risk of maritime capture. The extent of the coastline, the numerous harbors, and the many directions from which approach can be made minimize the danger of total blockade to which all islands are subject.

A fortified Cuba is a military and naval base of incomparable value to any who would influence affairs in North America.

Two hundred years (nearly to the day) after the British seized Havana, it became dreadfully apparent that Cuba had fallen within the sphere of another European power, one hostile to the United States.

On August 28, 1962, the Soviet news agency TASS reported that ten Soviet ships were on their way to Cuba. The day before, the *New York Times* reported that "arms, industrial materials, and civilian technicians from the Iron Curtain countries have suddenly poured into the island," and ventured to add that "the only swift way to overthrow the Castro regime would be a massive land, sea, and air assault with American troops and arms." On September 11 the Soviet Union warned the U.S. that any attack on Cuba or on Soviet ships en route to Cuba would mean war. Finally, on October 22, President Kennedy revealed in a nationwide broadcast that, despite assurances to the contrary from the Soviet foreign minister, the USSR was installing strategic nuclear weapons and had deployed medium-range bombers on Cuba.

That was the first official acknowledgment to the American people that the Soviet military presence off our shores was more than a nominal one. It was something that even the most eager accommodator could hardly ignore. Already on September 19 the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees had unanimously approved a Joint Congressional Resolution that, citing the Monroe Doctrine of 1823 and the Rio Treaty of 1947, stated the American Government's determination "to prevent in Cuba the creation or use of an externally supported military capability endangering the security of the United States." But President Kennedy's disclosures quite shocked the *Times*; its Western edition announced:

> Like a thunderbolt piercing a murky sky, the revelation that Premier Khrushchev is converting Cuba into a potential offensive base against the United States and the whole Western Hemisphere casts a lurid light on the present crisis. This is no longer a bearded

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Cuban revolutionary fulminating against us. This is Soviet Russia stretching out its nuclear arm across the Atlantic to confront us with a deadly challenge.

On the one hand, the *Times* reminded its readers that "Cuba's subjugation to Soviet control is merely the latest step in a long list of Russian aggressions stretching back a quarter-century." On the other hand, the *Times* wondered why Khrushchev, who "had given the impression of one who carefully calculated possible gains and possible losses before taking a step," should have taken "such an enormous risk." But the paper was adamant: "We cannot and will not permit this direct provocation by the Soviet Union," which, however, it described as "more *political* than *military* in upsetting the long-established status quo in this hemisphere by creating a potentially offensive nuclear base on our very borders." (Italics added.) The ordinary person, lacking sophistication in such matters, might have asked at what point in its flight toward an American city a Soviet nuclear missile ceases being "political" and becomes "military." The likely Soviet answer to such a naïve inquiry can be found in *Marxism-Leninism on War and the Army*, of which five Russian-language editions were published between 1957 and 1968, and an English edition in 1972: "Lenin wrote: 'War is a continuation of policy by other means. All wars are inseparable from the political systems that engender them.'" In other words, "War is the continuation of politics by violent means."

This seems to mean, unless the Soviets are careless in applying their own principles, that the missiles and medium-range bombers placed in Cuba were there for some military purpose. The fact that the missiles created a crisis in Soviet-American relations only confirms how high were the stakes in the Soviet view. The missiles and bombers were in Cuba to accomplish some objective of Soviet grand strategy. The manner of their installation and eventual removal was as much a part of the Soviet gambit as their installation in the first place. After all, Khrushchev had stated emphatically on July 9, 1960 that his country would use its nuclear missiles should the U.S. attempt to intervene in Cuba to overthrow the Castro regime; and on July 12 he had denounced President Eisenhower's declaration that "the United States would not permit the establishment of a regime dominated by international Communism in the Western Hemisphere."

What the Soviet Union meant to accomplish with its rockets and bombers in Cuba was to create an incident that was certain to draw world attention to the island and equally certain to place the U.S. in a position where some response had to be made.

What should have struck every Western intelligence analyst was that the missiles and bombers were brought into Cuba—and erected—without any effort at camouflage or secrecy. The aerial photographs released to the public could hardly have been more revealing; some of them are even now displayed in the CIA's recruiting brochure to demonstrate the Agency's work. The photographs show Soviet military vehicles lined up as if for Saturday inspection, and personnel tents dressed in orderly ranks. Control cables can be seen stretched between the emplacements. There are even indications of where the nuclear warheads for the missiles might be stored. The rockets and their prime movers and erectors were easily identified as the same types that had been photographed in the Moscow military parades of 1959 and 1960. There could hardly have been any mistake about what the Soviets were doing in Cuba.

Either the rocket crews who emplaced the missiles, their commanders, and the Soviet High Command knew nothing of camouflage and cared nothing for secrecy—or the lack of camouflage was as deliberate as the initial placement of the missiles.

As Khrushchev said in his letter to President Kennedy, replying to the President's imposition of the naval blockade of Cuba:

> We are interested that there be no war in the world and that the Cuban people should live in peace. But besides, Mr. President, *it is no secret that we have our people in Cuba.* [Italics added.]

And therein lay the nub of the affair:

> If we do take practical steps and proclaim the dismantling and evacuation of the means [the missiles and bombers] from Cuba, in so doing, we at the same time want the Cuban people to be sure that we are with them and do not absolve ourselves of responsibility for rendering assistance to them.

It was in return for Khrushchev's proclamation that Kennedy gave a solemn undertaking that the U.S. "would join with other nations of the Western Hemisphere in providing assurance against an invasion of the island."

Just after the Cuban missile "crisis," so widely recognized a commentator on strategic matters as Henry Kissinger wrote that he could not understand why the Soviet Union should have installed strategic nuclear weapons in Cuba. In an article in *The Reporter*, he said it was "difficult to explain Soviet actions except as a colossal blunder. The Russians clearly misjudged the character of the President and the mood of the country. . . . Given the vulnerability of those bases, it is difficult to understand to what military problem they were addressed." He concluded that "the chief benefit the Soviets would have obtained from these bases was *political* not *military*." (Italics added.) It did seem to him, however, that the crisis had cleared the air, in a manner of speaking, so that it had become possible to look forward to

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a settlement with the Soviet Union that would be tolerable to American interests.

Kissinger was doing no more than seconding the authoritative interpretation of the *New York Times*, which, in an editorial entitled "Triumph of Reason," congratulated the Soviet rulers for agreeing to withdraw the missiles and bombers from Cuba. It was "a statesmanlike decision and an important contribution to world peace." All manner of good things would therefore come to pass as a consequence of the missile crisis: "The vision is almost too idyllic to be real, but it injects new vigor and hope into the pursuit of a peace of benefit to all mankind." While the *Times* did not go so far as to suggest that the Soviet premier be a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize, it was certainly evident to the newspaper that the foundation had been laid for nuclear disarmament and for detente in Europe.

The *Times*'s and Kissinger's view eventually became enshrined as the established interpretation of the affair. This view would be presented in high-school textbooks, taught in college history courses, and even dramatized on TV and radio. Indeed one rarely finds, even today, a book on American foreign affairs or Soviet foreign policy that does not conclude that the "missile crisis" was a victory for the U.S. —the victory that ended the cold war. Seeing American appeasement of Khrushchev and Castro as inevitable and desirable, the historians shrouded the appeasement in drama and called it a victory.

Yet even in 1962 more than a few observers wondered what all the cheering was about. The Committee for the Monroe Doctrine was formed to attempt to force the Kennedy Administration to uphold the policy of defending the Western Hemisphere from hostile foreign intervention, and this committee received some strong support in Congress. Meanwhile, a few prescient writers were saying that Cuba was a very important domino in a long string of unopposed Soviet "expansions." In September 1962, James Burnham wrote in NATIONAL REVIEW:

> With Cuba's incorporation in the Communist bloc—now officially acknowledged—and the transformation of this Caribbean island into a Communist military base, the policy of containment, rather sooner than even its sharpest critics guessed, reaches its inevitable end in a grotesque bankruptcy. There is no longer any question of containing Communist power at the bulging periphery of its Eurasian empire. Communist power has leapt right over half the earth to a beachhead inside our own immediate defensive perimeter. The problem now becomes—President Kennedy made the humiliating confession in his September 4 statement ("the Castro regime will not be allowed to export its aggressive purposes . . .") —*to contain Cuba!*

And in the *National Review Bulletin* two months later, he wrote:

> But heavy though it must weigh on our conscience to have let the opportunity to liberate the enslaved people of Cuba go by, the final standard of correct policy is, exclusively, the security of the United States. . . . We stand for the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine by whatever measures necessary. Let nothing—missiles, threats, bluster, sanctions, World Opinion, Chester Bowles—stand in the way of our recognition of the clear national duty: to get the Communists out of Cuba.

This view was echoed by Charles Burton Marshall, writing in *The New Republic* ("Afterthoughts on the Cuban Blockade," November 10, 1962):

> Our President's avowal on April 20 last year, of resolve never to abandon Cuba to Communists, has been publicly put aside—no mean feat of word-swallowing. By contrast, the Soviet pledge to shelter the Cuban regime is now redeemed. Cuba is now unmistakably a Soviet protectorate. We have negotiated on this basis with the Soviet Union. . . . We have, in effect, legitimized this. . . . As a gain, Cuba is somewhat akin to the victory at Asculum: a few more such would be our undoing. A disposition to view the development as giving promise for negotiating a general detente seems borrowed from fantasy.

The historians have thus been incorrect in leading us to believe that Americans were united in support of President Kennedy's appeasement of Khrushchev. In fact, as later events bore out, they were also incorrect in interpreting the outcome of the much-heralded "showdown" between Kennedy and Khrushchev as a victory for the United States. True, Khrushchev was exposed in a bold-faced lie, and he promised to withdraw his offensive missiles (although we have no way of knowing whether or not all of these missiles were removed). But he was permitted to keep defensive material (with no formal distinction made between "defensive" and "offensive") in Cuba: air strips, submarine bases, personnel, etc. all stayed. In addition, Kennedy agreed to lift his naval quarantine, guaranteed that the U.S. would not invade Communist Cuba, and promised to negotiate the withdrawal of American weapons from Turkey! The Soviets' risky venture ended by being hardly risky at all; what they gained from it was the acceptance by the United States of a Soviet military, naval, and air presence in the Western Hemisphere. Cuba had become and remains a defended base for Soviet and Cuban military and political operations in support of Soviet strategy.

Cuba had become and remains a defended base for Soviet military and political operations in support of Soviet strategy

Soviet use of Cuba as a forward base had become so obvious by 1969 that even the newspapers were reporting it routinely. Soviet TU-95 bombers were flying regular reconnaissance runs between Murmansk and their base in Cuba. Soviet naval units, including submarines, showed up so often in Cuban ports that some observers suggested there might be a Soviet submarine base on the island. In hearings before the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs held on September 30, 1970, the Defense Intelligence Agency reported: "Gentlemen, the third naval deployment to the Caribbean in a little over a year has apparently resulted in efforts to establish a Soviet naval facility at Cienfuegos, Cuba, which might support naval operations in the Caribbean area, including submarines."

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The Agency's testimony included identification of three submarines that had shown up in the Caribbean four months earlier: two *Foxtrot*-class, diesel-electric attack subs and one *Echo*-class, nuclear-powered submarine equipped with SS-N-3 cruise missiles, having a range of 450 nautical miles and designed to carry a nuclear warhead with a yield of at least one kiloton. But in its public statements the Defense Department assured the country that since Cuban forces lacked the sea- or airlift capability to operate outside of Cuba, "we do not perceive a direct threat to the U.S. mainland at this time." The ninety miles from Cuba to the U.S. mainland would seem far less insurmountable a few years later when, supposedly still lacking sea- and airlift capability, Cuban forces turned up in considerable numbers in Angola, Ethiopia, and the Middle East.

The discovery of the Soviet nuclear submarines in Cuba raised something of a minor tempest in the fall of 1970. But fortunately for continued Soviet-American amity, the Soviet Union quickly declared that it was not building "a nuclear submarine base or any other kind of military installation in Cuba" and promised to adhere "strictly" to the Kennedy-Khrushchev agreement. The State Department considered this to be a "positive statement." Meanwhile, the Soviet ships that had caused the flap by appearing in Cienfuegos in the first place departed—only to appear four days later at Mariel, 25 miles west of Havana, where the Soviet missiles had been landed in 1962.

By December 1970 it was still not possible to say that the Soviet naval vessels had left Cuban waters, but by then the issue had subsided. The announcement of Soviet ships in Cuba waters would become a commonplace in the Soviet press and would be reported with fanfare in the Cuban press. What had appeared to the Defense Intelligence Agency—and, incidentally, to *The Economist* of London—as a Cuban base for Soviet submarine operations in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico would come to be interpreted as "a rest and recreational facility for Soviet sailors whose ships visit Cuba."

It seemed, after all, that the second Cuban missile crisis had been about nothing more important than a soccer field. For how could Soviet submarines operating in the Gulf carry any strategic significance, inasmuch as submarines had not been considered strategic weapons since World War II? Therefore, when it was reported in March 1978 that the Soviet Union was building submarine pens in Cuba, it was hardly worth space on page 14 of the *Los Angeles Times*. Of course it was difficult to maintain that there was *not* a submarine base in Cuba after the Soviets turned over *Foxtrot*-class and *Whisky*-class subs to the Cuban navy, beginning in December 1978. But then, who can say, perhaps the subs are sent back to Murmansk whenever they need fuel or repairs.

An April 1979 report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee put it this way:

> Given the absence of a significant outside military threat or a substantial military presence in the region, the United States has not seen the need for countervailing military power. It has not dedicated specific U.S. military forces of any magnitude for the defense of its southern flank and has not undertaken major forward defense deployments in the region. . . . The United States has judged military bases to be essentially irrelevant.

Apparently the 180,000-man Cuban army, the 168 combat aircraft of the Cuban air force, and the submarine and missile boats of the Cuban navy were together unable to meet the Committee's criteria for a "substantial military presence." And while it was no doubt true, though the report did not mention it, that Soviet fighter and bomber squadrons, surface ships, and submarines made free use of Cuban facilities, and Soviet troops were stationed on the island, these things hardly constituted an "outside military threat." And anyway, there were, the report said, 432 U.S. Marines based in Guantanamo and another 173 Marines and 344 U.S. soldiers only six hundred miles away in Puerto Rico.

It is easy to see comedy and even flashes of irony in the reasoning of the self-appointed monitors of the country's strategic morality, but it is difficult to find anything at all to smile at in their detachment about matters bearing on the strategic interests of the United States. There is, of course, no obligation on the part of those who write for newspapers and who announce the news on television to display any strategic insight where the defense of the country is concerned. After all, such people have a higher loyalty to the world of news than to their fellow countrymen. But when those who bear the constitutional responsibility for the safety of the American people demonstrate an equal detachment about strategic matters, there is no hint of comedy, only tragedy. For surely it is a tragedy when a country's citizens must pay the penalty for their government's lack of strategic

If one is to have some measure of the penalty that may be imposed on Americans for the neglect of their strategic interests in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico, one need but recall what happened in those waters during the dark days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. From January to August 1942, over 260 Allied merchant ships totaling one and a half million tons were sunk by German sub-

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marines in the region between Florida and the entrance to the Panama Canal. Forty-one merchant ships were sunk in the Gulf of Mexico in May alone. Almost half the ships lost were oil tankers. One such tanker was sunk off Cape Corrientes, Cuba, while it was en route to Pearl Harbor to supply oil to what was left of the Pacific fleet.

Admiral Dönitz, the wartime commander of the German submarine forces, wrote in his memoirs of what German submariners called the "happy time":

> For the conduct of U-boat warfare this granting of liberty of action in American waters held yet a further advantage. . . . As the attackers we held the initiative, and by rapid switches of the weight of our attack from one focal point to another, we could confuse and surprise the enemy. The Americans obviously could not provide adequate protection to all focal points at the same time, and they would be compelled to follow us from one to the other. In this way, it seemed likely that we could compel the enemy to a real dispersal of his defensive forces.

And the admiral was correct. The U.S. was so desperately unprepared for German submarine attacks in American waters that Britain had to weaken its own efforts against German subs, diverting three Royal Navy escort groups from the North Atlantic where, during the same eight months, another million tons of shipping was lost. The tragedy was not merely the loss of the ships—and their crews—but also of the cargoes needed to wage war against the Axis. A merchant ship sunk had to be replaced—taking steel and labor that should otherwise have gone to build tanks, guns, aircraft, and warships. Every ship lost to German submarines imposed a further delay on the second front against Hitler and on the Allied campaign against Japan.

Soviet and Cuban reconnaissance airplanes based on the island can attack targets themselves, or direct submarines to attack

However, in all of those months there were never more than 12 and usually around eight U-boats operating in American waters to the west and the south of Cuba. Those submarines were operating four thousand miles away from their bases on the coast of France, outside the range of the German air force and without support from the German surface fleet. There were no long-range aircraft to help direct the U-boats to fruitful targets or to defend them against attacks by Allied escort vessels and patrol planes. And when the subs had fired all their torpedoes and were running short of fuel, they had to return to their bases in the Bay of Biscay.

In 1942 Cuba was an ally of the United States and Great Britain. The small Cuban navy helped to patrol the neighboring waters, and Allied aircraft and patrol vessels operated from Cuban airbases and harbors. Today, it is Soviet and Cuban submarines that operate there, from bases within hours and sometimes only minutes of the principal maritime routes of the island. Soviet and Cuban reconnaissance airplanes based on the island can attack targets themselves, or direct submarines to attack. Soviet and Cuban fighter-bombers can seek targets at sea while Communist surface vessels, operating from the numerous bays and inlets along the 1,500-mile coastline, can attack naval or shore targets. Cuba itself is defended by interceptors and anti-aircraft missiles, coast defenses, and a mobile army lavishly equipped with tanks and artillery. In fact, Cuba has a better air defense than the U.S. and Canada.

Yet the shipping routes in the vicinity of Cuba are not less important than they were in 1942, nor are they less heavily traveled. For example: Most of the bauxite necessary for fabricating aluminum moves northward from South America to the U.S. through the Gulf of Mexico. Perhaps 50 per cent of the petroleum imported into the U.S. comes to our Mississippi and Gulf ports through the waters off Cuba. A half-million barrels of oil a day arrive at our Gulf ports from the North Slope of Alaska via the Panama Canal. What is more, the waters of the Gulf are dotted with countless platforms from which natural gas and petroleum are pumped ashore. All of these platforms lie within easy reach of naval vessels and aircraft operating out of Cuba, and every one of them is vulnerable to attack by bombs or missiles.

In 1942 the Allies were hard-pressed to defend their interests in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean against enemy forces that had to cross four thousand miles of ocean. How hard-pressed would the United States be with an enemy whose forces are stationed in the midst of the very waters that have to be defended?

In his book *Naval Power in Soviet Policy*, Admiral Sergei Gorshkov, Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet navy, wrote:

> To achieve superiority of forces over the enemy in the main sector and pin him down in the secondary sectors at the time of operations, means to achieve sea control in a theater or a sector of a theater—i.e., to create such a situation that the enemy will be paralyzed or constrained in his operations, or weakened and thereby hampered from interfering with our operations.

That is what the Soviet Union hoped to accomplish by putting missiles into Cuba in 1962. And that is what *was* accomplished when the United States permitted the Soviets to erect a fortified base in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico.

The Soviet gambit in Cuba was not more political than strategic; it was entirely strategic. Were the forces of the Warsaw Pact to cross the line in Germany, their goal would be the seizure of Western Europe, with its rich industrial resources. The NATO forces now deployed to defend Western Europe are already heavily outnumbered in men, tanks, artillery, and aircraft. To have a chance of holding its ground, NATO depends on reinforcements that would have to come from Canada and the U.S. across waters that would be teeming with Soviet submarines and surface ships. Yet one of the first operations the U.S. would have to undertake —if the territory of the U.S. is to be defended, if the raw materials to support mobilization are to be obtained—is the destruction of the bases used by the Soviet Union and its allies in the Western Hemisphere. The choices presented by Soviet strategy are not attractive. One could invade Cuba—and Nicaragua and El Salvador, should they be permitted to fall under Communist control—to prevent its being used as an enemy base. Or one could lay it waste with nuclear weapons, if we are prepared to face up to their use, if we are willing to use them ninety miles from our shores, and if they can be spared from the defense of Europe.

One must not suppose that an invasion of Cuba would be a piece of cake for Western armed forces. A comparable oper-

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ation would be the invasion of Okinawa in 1945. That island has an area of six hundred square miles and was defended by 120,000 Japanese soldiers; Cuba has an area of 45,000 square miles and has an army of 180,000. To conquer Okinawa required the combined efforts of three Marine divisions and three Army infantry divisions—over 100,000 men. The United States now has two Marine divisions on the U.S. mainland, one of which is designated to defend northern Norway and to reinforce Denmark. The second is designated to reinforce the Far East. Of the ten Army divisions currently stationed in the U.S., seven are committed to reinforce the central front in Europe, leaving three to bolster the defense of Alaska, Puerto Rico, the Panama Canal, South Korea, and Japan. The attack on Okinawa required the efforts of 13 fleet aircraft carriers and four escort carriers. The U.S. now has 12 aircraft carriers with air groups aboard; these are scattered from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean to the eastern Pacific. The Allies lost 36 ships and had 368 ships damaged in the campaign for Okinawa, which is more than double the number of major surface combat ships now in commission. Can one count on fewer losses in a battle for Cuba?

By permitting the Soviet Union to arm Cuba and to enlist it in the forces of the Warsaw Pact, we have violated the cardinal rule of the defense of the United States. For we have permitted a European power to force us to fight here at home under terms dictated by that power. Given the present military resources of the United States, we may be forced either to save Europe and Japan while suffering whatever damage Communist forces in the Western Hemisphere can inflict—or to destroy Communist forces in the Western Hemisphere and risk the loss of Europe, Japan, and Korea. The decisive battles of any war with the Soviet Union will be fought in Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East. If the Soviet Union and its allies win in those regions the United States will stand alone. If we cannot at the same time quickly destroy the Communist bases in the Western Hemisphere, it will be the citizens of the U.S. who will pay, in lives and property. The price of defending the waters of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico was levied in 1962. Payment was deferred. The amount remains to be paid, and with a terrible interest. ☐

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GEORGE BERNARD HART

(Known to the authorities as Jeffrey Hart)

An Intelligent Woman's Guide

TO MODERN AMERICAN CONSERVATISM

A conservatism that cannot face the facts of the machine and mass production, and its consequences in government and politics, is foredoomed to futility and petulance. A conservatism that allows for them has an eleventh-hour chance of rallying what is sound in the West.

—Whittaker Chambers (1954)

Intelligent Woman: Young man, I find your title offensive, indeed downright sexist.

Young Man: I do not apologize, and new words like sexist are not used around here. My title, of course, alludes to a famous tract by George Bernard Shaw called *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*. The title is a sort of joke.

IW: But why do you want to tell this joke?

YM: Because we're going to run the whole socialist scenario backward. We're going to reverse it right across the board.

IW: I gather that all this has to do with "conservatism"—that's in your title. But what about the words "modern" and "American."

YM: Those are key words.

IW: I'm not sure I understand quite why.

YM: Well, despite its recent victories, the conservative cause has been having some unnecessary difficulties. It's been creating difficulties for itself. Like everyone else, I draw on my own experience, and that is as a professor of English at Dartmouth, a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, and a conservative activist. The fact is, a lot of my students are not sold on conservatism.

IW: Why?

YM: There's a short answer. They think conservatives are preppies who are against sex.

IW: Well, is there any basis for that opinion?

YM: Unfortunately, there is. In some visible cases, the main content of "conservatism" seems to be a refusal of experience. We have more than our share of young fogies. I could name some names, but what the hell.

In my view, young-fogy American conservatives, and American Catholics generally, place an altogether disproportionate emphasis on sex and sex-related moral questions. They all ought to remember where Dante placed his illicit lovers Paolo and Francesca—in the outermost and most comfortable precincts of Hell. And Dante was orthodox. Had Paolo and Francesca confessed, they, like all the other illicit lovers, would have gone to the Purgatorio, and listened to the sweet music, and loved God too. Modern conservatives and Catholics too ought to remember what one might call the "proportions" of orthodoxy.

IW: Well, could you define a conservatism that would have wide appeal, that would get us away from the young fogies?

YM: I would certainly like to try. It seems to me that a modern American conservatism can command an overwhelming majority, both political and cultural, if it just crystallizes the correct identity. One of our problems has been with the way the idea of tradition has been articulated within American conservatism.

IW: Why has that been a problem?

YM: Because the American tradition is different from the European tradition, different from the British idea, or the French or the Spanish idea. To put it in a nutshell, Americans by and large think of themselves as optimistic and modern. They welcome new possibilities. They like to try things out. They are not hostile to science and technology. The European sense of tradition is more restrictive, more closed. It grows out of small, crowded towns, out of a long past whose lessons tend to be tragic.

IW: Do you mean that America and Europe are totally different?

YM: By no means. They are intertwined historically. But America's sense of itself is different. The emphases are different. An American in Europe cannot avoid a generalized sense of claustrophobia. Columbus didn't discover Europe. Gertrude Stein said many profound things, but one of the profoundest was her observation that America is the oldest country in the world because it was the first *modern* coun-

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try. She meant that America, as the first nation to enter "modern" history, was therefore older than the other nations because they were born into modernity later, and usually incompletely.

IW: And what has this got to do with conservatism?

YM: It has everything to do with modern American conservatism. The average American is a modernist in his bones. Americans believe in possibility, in "making it new," as Ezra Pound once urged. If conservatism is to be truly American, it must embrace that sense of possibility. We like to say that conservatism is the politics of reality. Well, that is the cultural reality. A truly popular American conservatism must be modern, because most Americans are modern. They do not live on ducal estates. They don't even go to Groton. And because they are modernizers they are also anti-Communists.

IW: It seems to me that you've got something there. But why do other conservatives have trouble with such ideas?

YM: For both historical and ideological reasons. Some conservatives appear to confuse Victorian morality with the Western tradition, and even with Christianity. Would you believe, a prominent conservative recently, in all seriousness, tried to blame the great slaughters of the twentieth century—Hitler's, Stalin's, Mao's—on the expansion of freedom during the nineteenth century?

IW: Why?

YM: Evidently the idea of freedom gives him the willies, and he wants to badmouth it. But I would like to make a historical point here that seems to me important. Historically, the middle class was the great modernizing class. It burst through the feudal barriers and created capitalism. But it did not fully understand the relationship of capitalism to modernity. Capitalism freed the individual from the older ties to station and place. It created the city. But the older bourgeoisie tended to resist modernity—everywhere except in the economy and in science. Where the human spirit was concerned, the older middle class behaved like a lot of commissars. They banned *Sister Carrie*. They banned *Ulysses*. The very inventors of the modern took refuge in stuffiness. This represented a failure of analysis, a failure of intelligence.

Too many conservatives today are merely the intellectual descendants of that older bourgeoisie. They handle the idea of tradition as if it were something in the Smithsonian Institution, rather than a living and developing thing. They have not read their Newman and their Eliot. Tradition, viewed as an accumulation of human experience, is a very important thing. But it is not a set of static axioms. The tricky thing is to decide what weight to give to tradition when making a decision concerning a concrete situation—and it's tricky because the concrete situations are constantly changing. Tradition informs the understanding under concrete circumstances. It is not a set of axioms. It is not a cookbook.

IW: I would like to return to that later. But I am interested in your idea of the "modern," and of America as a "modern" nation. I'm not sure that I understand what that means, or how it applies politically. Do you mean that everything that has happened recently is somehow better than what happened earlier?

YM: By no means. The idea of the modern is very clear. It has hard edges. It is a particular political and cultural idea.

IW: I notice that in your writings you frequently use the word "modern." You refer to *The Waste Land* as a "modern" poem, even though it came out in 1922. And you have said that books of poems that were published this year are not modern. Frankly, this makes as little sense to me as birdsong. I'm all screwed up.

YM: First of all, the term modern as I've been using it is not a chronological word. Picasso's *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, though painted in 1907, is a work of modern art. Most of the work hanging in the galleries on 57th Street is not.

IW: Then the term modern has nothing whatever to do with chronology.

YM: Not exactly. It's more complicated than that. Where art and literature are concerned, the modern comes forward around 1895, though it has relatively distant roots in such works as Diderot's *Rameau's Nephew*. The modern mode dominates high culture from 1895 until around 1930, then recedes a bit; but modern works continue to be created until today.

IW: Then how am I to recognize a modern work? It all seems very mysterious.

YM: Not really. Modern works do not look like anything done before, usually. *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* does not look like previous paintings. *The Waste Land* does not look like any previous poem, or, for that matter, any important subsequent one. In prose fiction this sense of difference is less dramatic, since a line of prose goes all the way over to the margin. But when you get *into* a modernist work such as *Heart of Darkness*, *The Sun Also Rises*, or *The Trial* you sense immediately the radical break with the past.

> *The modern artist is concerned to assert his freedom, and that involves an adversary relationship to past conventions. . . . a modern work creates its own conventions*

IW: Why is the break with the past so important to modern art?

YM: Again, the matter is complicated. But first of all, the break has to do with the fact that modern art is centrally about *freedom*. The modern artist is concerned to assert his freedom, and that involves an adversary relationship to past conventions. To an unprecedented degree, a modern work creates its own conventions and does not take them over from previous works.

IW: But Conrad wrote in fairly normal prose, didn't he? Why is *Heart of Darkness* a work of modern art?

YM: Excellent question. Because of its complex and ambivalent attitude toward what might be called ordinary civi-

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lization and ordinary experience. Civilization in *Heart of Darkness* has a dead aspect. It is touched by the lie. It lacks authenticity. Mr. Kurtz, though guilty of unspeakable crimes, precisely does not lack authenticity. He dies, in Eliot's phrase, with "direct eyes." Marlow himself recognizes his own inferiority to Kurtz. Kurtz is the tragic hero—but hero nevertheless—of Conrad's story. Like Gatsby, Kurtz is worth the whole damn bunch of them.

IW: Wait a minute. Kurtz is an immoral man, and he goes savage. How can he be a hero?

YM: Conrad wants to stand Rousseau on his head. He gives us not a Noble Savage but a Savage Savage—and he sees the power of that idea. Around the same time, Picasso was getting interested in African art, you will remember.

IW: I find all this a little frightening. What other things are the modern artists interested in?

YM: Their rejection of past conventions is connected with their desire for intensity of emotion. You will notice that modern art is constantly changing. Joyce writes successively different books. Eliot's poetic forms constantly change. Hemingway does not write the same kind of novel twice. Picasso constantly reinvents himself. So does Stravinsky. So does Pound.

IW: I think I begin to see. But why do you suppose this unusual kind of art emerged around the end of the nineteenth century?

YM: This is a fascinating thing historically. The bourgeoisie was the first "modern" class. It developed technology as the dominant means of production. It shifted the social and economic focus from the countryside to the city. It tended to liberate the individual from ties of neighborhood and family. Rousseau, Pip, Julien Sorel, Gatsby, and many others represent this bourgeois ability to invent the self as a social artifact. With the advent of the bourgeois, the sense of the "given" becomes progressively weaker, or the willed and created progressively stronger. The fact that official bourgeois culture took so long to recognize its modernist offspring is, well, one of the ironies of cultural history. Capitalism could well say with Ezra Pound, *Make It New.*

IW: So modern art is hostile to the past.

YM: Again, the matter is complicated. It would be more accurate to say that modern art is hostile to the conservative and static side of the bourgeois ethos. *The Waste Land* is a kind of echo-chamber of past literature. Eliot writes with "the mind of Europe, from Homer to the present," in his bones. In one aspect, *The Waste Land* is the most modern of poems, but it goes all the way back, to the great myths, and it ends with a line of Sanskrit. Joyce's *Ulysses* and Pound's *Cantos* are both based on Homer. Matisse and Picasso constantly allude to the great masters. The point, however, is not that they imitate the past, but that they work out their own relationship to it and use it.

IW: We have been talking mostly about art. But does this art have any wider significance?

YM: Certainly. If you examine modern experience, that is, contemporary experience, closely you will see that it is *modern* in the sense in which I have been using the word in connection with art.

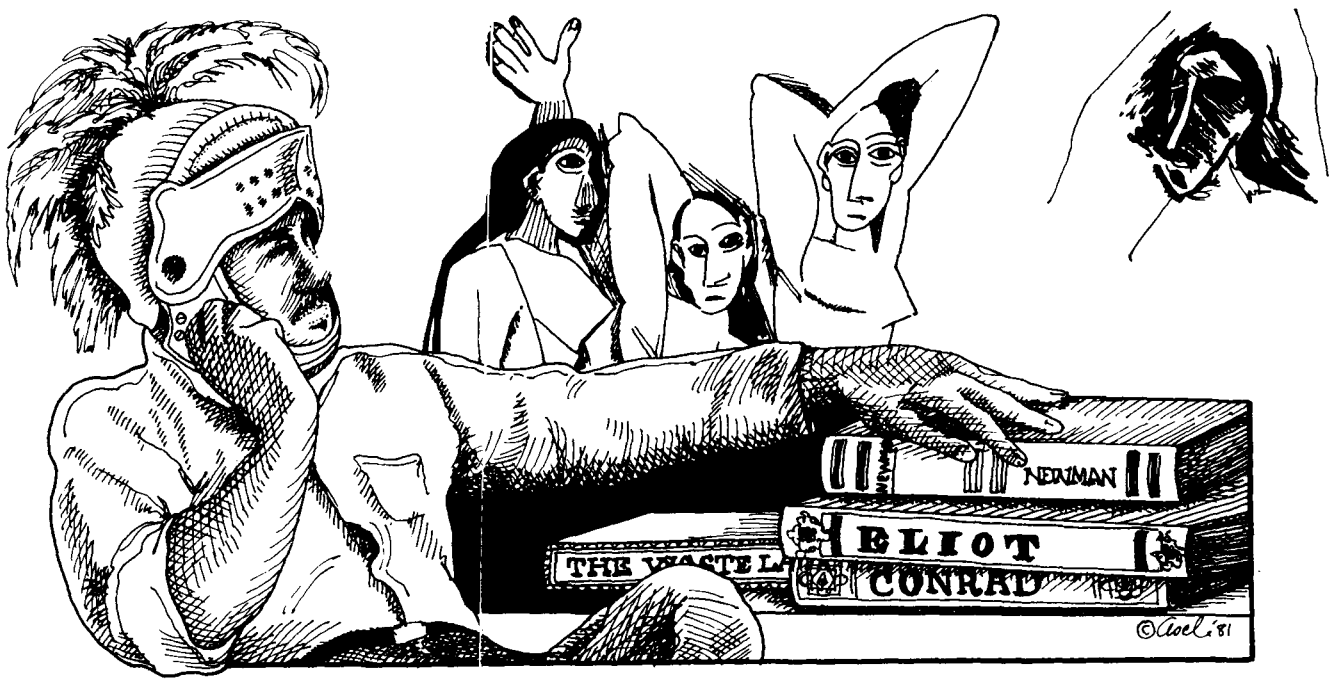
IW: Really?

YM: Yes. In a little while, I will ask you to have dinner with me. I will leave it up to you whether we go to a French, Greek, Chinese, or American restaurant. In the past, if you were in France, you ate French food. If you were in China, you ate Chinese food. But we are freer now than ever before in this and other respects. You can live in a Tudor house if you want to. A person in Tudor England had no other choice. Freedom implies an eclectic style.

IW: And much modern art is eclectic. *The Cantos, The Waste Land* . . .

YM: You're beginning to get the point, and we are going to get along very well together. If you look at other areas of life, you will see immediately that freedom advances inexorably. People can choose to have children or not to have them. The advance of technology led to the birth of Louise Brown, and it will certainly press further.

IW: All this is a little frightening.



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YM: And sometimes painful. The individual is also more isolated than in the past. When you walk down a city street you see hundreds of people and events that you will never see again. Your normal relations with countless people are "role-specific," as the sociologists put it. That is the elevator man. He might also be an expert lepidopterist, but you don't know about it. Over there is the news dealer. We tend not to know people in their full existence. In an unprecedented way, our normal experience tends to be discontinuous. It involves juxtaposition, rather than the older "narrative" form of experience. In addition, social relationships are changing in sudden and, inevitably, disconcerting ways. Women, for example, find their options expanding. Some of them are marrying later, maybe not at all. They are making the decision to have children or not to have them. Given this novel circumstance, the rules are of course changing, whether we like it or not.

The Newtonian universe is gone. The universe is a mathematical equation. The holistic world view expressed in natural law is fading; at the least, the 'natural law' will have to be reformulated

IW: I'm not surprised that people find modernity uncomfortable.

YM: Certainly. The older bourgeoisie resisted it, as I've said. And we constantly face reactionary attempts to return to a less individualistic and free existence. From this standpoint, Marxism and all forms of socialism and Communism are reactionary. Marx's attack on capitalism is anti-modern. Mao tried to get back to a form of the peasant commune. Of course, Marx, who also talked of "the idiocy of rural life," had a modern urban sensibility, which contradicted his doctrine. He was screwed up.

IW: So you think that the modern in aesthetics is the representative form for our experience?

YM: There's no doubt about it. Freedom will advance unless it is forcibly repressed. Naturally, the Soviets hate all forms of modern art. They know what it means, and they fear it. They much prefer John Steinbeck, Erskine Caldwell, or their own boy-meets-tractor.

IW: This is a startling idea. The Soviet Union claims to be a revolutionary society.

YM: All the great tyrannies of the twentieth century are monstrously reactionary. They are rear-guard attempts to hold back the universal human desire for concrete freedoms. Naturally they suppress modern art. They are puritanical about sex. From Hitler and Stalin through Mao and the Ayatollah they have been desperate attempts to re-establish a lost community. Society in the form of traditional culture is communal. It subordinates the individual, often ruthlessly, to the group. Its economy is static, closely tied to the vicissitudes and cycles of nature. Such a society lives by standards handed down through countless generations, sometimes codified in some holy book, sometimes merely customary. Social arrangements are usually hierarchical, with authority lodged in some kind of priest or holy man. Such a society is held together by powerful emotions, familial, communal, and religious; and such a society is almost necessarily xenophobic.

IW: I can see the power of such a society. But to tell the truth, I would hate to live in one.

YM: Historically, mankind has said the same thing. It always chooses freedom. Modernity offers a lethal challenge to a restrictive kind of society. The modernizing impulse places a very high value on the individual. Its economy is not static, but expansive. The medieval schoolmen, longing for stasis, considered the taking of interest unnatural. They were absolutely correct. An economy of possibility tends to liberate mankind from the natural cycle. From the taking of interest to walking on the moon is a shorter step than you may realize.

From this perspective, a man like Mao Tse-tung was one of history's great reactionaries. His "revolution" used the peasants against the hated city. Seizing absolute power, Mao tried to make China into a vast egalitarian peasant commune. Hitler was a curious amalgam of tradition and modern technology. His emotions were anti-individualistic, but he required a modern technology. In Iran, the Ayatollah represents a reactionary counter-revolution against a modernizing Shah. In the West, and the point should be underlined, Marxism, insofar as it has any appeal, exercises that appeal among the most backward economic and cultural groups, to whom it holds out the illusory hope of restoring a lost "community." Beyond that, Marxism appeals to a fringe of intellectuals who are attracted to the idea that they would enjoy power and status in the hierarchy of a new feudal, that is Marxist, state. A conservatism that is both modern and American understands all of that. It is a conservatism that would have very wide appeal, since it is coherent.

IW: I suppose the philosophers have written about this.

YM: Indeed they have. But these philosophers of course are not widely read, and even less widely understood. You might try Nietzsche and Hegel. In his *Philosophy of History*, Hegel viewed all of human history as advancing toward freedom. Nietzsche projected modes of living under conditions of freedom, and this he says requires the constant invention of the self. As Wordsworth said, "By our own spirits are we deified."

IW: In these philosophers, philosophy tends to dissolve back into, or fuse with, art. It becomes the "act of creativity."

YM: You have hit the nail squarely on the head. As Yeats asked in that great Nietzschean line, "How can we know the dancer from the dance?"

IW: I feel that I am sailing on uncharted waters.

YM: That is the modernist feeling.

IW: But what does modernism say about morality? About limits?

YM: Tradition has plenty to say about them—tradition correctly understood, that is.

IW: You said earlier that tradition is not a set of axioms. I think I can rebut that assertion.

YM: Really?

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IW: What about the Ten Commandments?

YM: I would like to propose to you a somewhat surprising modernizer, none other than St. Paul. He is looked upon by many people as a pretty sour old rabbi, but he cut to the heart of the matter. He extracted the essence of Christ's teaching, or, to put it another way, he explicated the First Commandment as the controlling one and defined God as love. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." It is important to stress that in the decisive situations Christ did not enunciate axioms, he told stories, dealt with concrete circumstances.

IW: That all sounds very, well, *permissive* to me. You just do what you want.

YM: Not if you think about it. Making decisions in actual situations under the absolute imperative of love is hardly *permissive*.

IW: I see your point. But what is so different about modernism? Is there really something new about it, a distinctive new teaching?

YM: Not really new. I would call it a new emphasis—but a degree of emphasis that may make it qualitatively new. It is the central point of *Heart of Darkness*, or *The Waste Land*, or Joyce's "The Dead," or Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyich." It is something that everyone recognizes, in his or her own modern experience. Yet, as one looks at the modernist movement as a whole, it does propose a primary sin in its moral agenda.

IW: And what is that great sin?

YM: *The unlived life*. In Dante's phrase, "the great refusal." Almost all of modern art and literature tells the same moral story. It is the story, as Lionel Trilling put it, of "the moment to be snatched, the crucial choice to be made, and if it's made on the wrong (the safe) side, the loss of human quality, so that instead of a man we have a Success and instead of two lovers a Statue and a Bust in the public square." In however dim or vulgarized a way, that perception is now shared by millions. That is why the murder of John Lennon was such a moment of mass poignancy. Lennon's was not an unlived life.

IW: And what has this got to do with a modern American conservatism?

YM: Conservatives must comport themselves as if they understood all of that. The late George Apley passed away a long time ago.

IW: This form of conservatism sounds really interesting.

YM: We must learn to live amidst discontinuities, whose discontinuousness is transcended only by love. Art has entirely separated itself from morality, even from "content" as traditionally understood. The Newtonian universe is gone. The universe is a mathematical equation. The holistic world view expressed in natural law is fading; at the very least, the "natural law" will have to be reformulated. It is simply a fact that as most people live their lives under modern circumstances sex is not very closely connected with reproduction. Modernity is a differentiating process, and a viable natural law will have to take that into account.

IW: Oh wow!

YM: I'm going to take you to a Polynesian restaurant for dinner. □

Republicans Are Out of the Closet!

In this permissive age it was bound to happen. At last Republicans are out of the closet.

"Society has been persecuting and vilifying us Republicans for our political preferences for years now," said Henry J. Littlefinger, chief spokesman for the Republican Liberation Movement.

"No more will we be kicked around merely because our preference is for our own kind," he insisted. "What two consenting Republicans do in private is nobody's business but their party's."

First target of the Republican Liberation Movement is to ban Democrats —or "donkeys"—from teaching in public schools.

"The Bible clearly condemns Democrats as an abomination," said Littlefinger. "And no good Christian would want these kinds of people serving as role models in our schools and converting our little children to asses.

"We're also against latent Democrats," he continued. "It's *not* better latent than never."

Littlefinger mentioned his Uncle Bruce as an example of a latent Democrat. "I used to wonder why no one in the family ever talked about him. He never married, but he was named the co-respondent in 17 election suits for fooling around with the ballot box."

Littlefinger's own story is perhaps typical of many of today's legion of avowed Republicans.

"When I was a kid in the Thirties I didn't even know what a Republican was," he said, "and like most guys then I chased around after Democratic girls. It wasn't until I got married that I realized I was, uh, different. I'd married a closet Republican who turned me on.

"At first I was horrified and ashamed of my political proclivity. But I couldn't help myself. My wife and I sneaked out of the house at night to furtively visit Republican bars and Republican bathhouses. At last, though, I couldn't stand it any longer. I decided to come out of the closet. So did my wife.

"She joined the Republican Daughters of Jezebel, and we moved to a Republican neighborhood in the suburbs. Now, of course, we eat openly in Republican restaurants and go to Republican parties, even if they're held at San Clemente."

Littlefinger defiantly said that he was proud to be a Republican. "Look at the great people in history who were Republican. Lincoln. Eisenhower. Reagan.

"Republican power!" cried Littlefinger, raising his clenched fist. "Republican is beautiful!"

Unfortunately, many sociologists believe the militant Republican Liberation Movement is doing the Republican cause more harm than good. They say that while society is willing to tolerate Republicans quietly, it can't officially approve a threat to the basic concept of the Democratic family.

Or, to put it another way, the louder the Republicans shout, the harder it is for the Democrats to look the other way and be unmindful of the sin that dares to speak its name.

—John Keefauver

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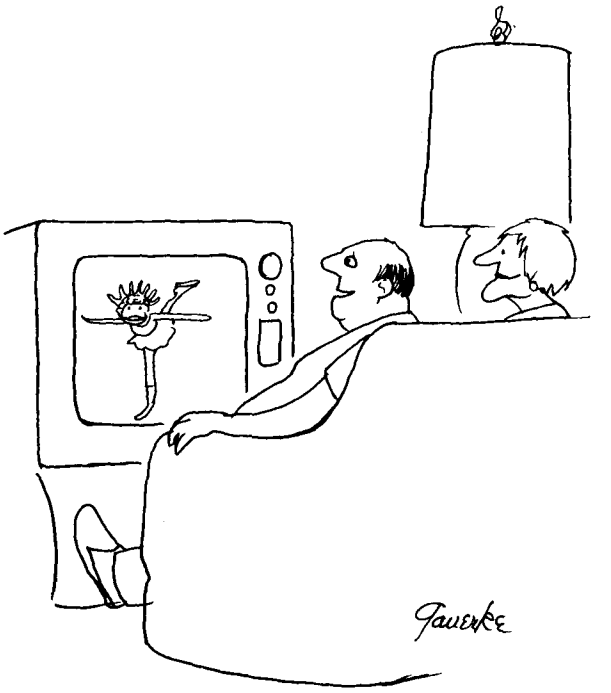
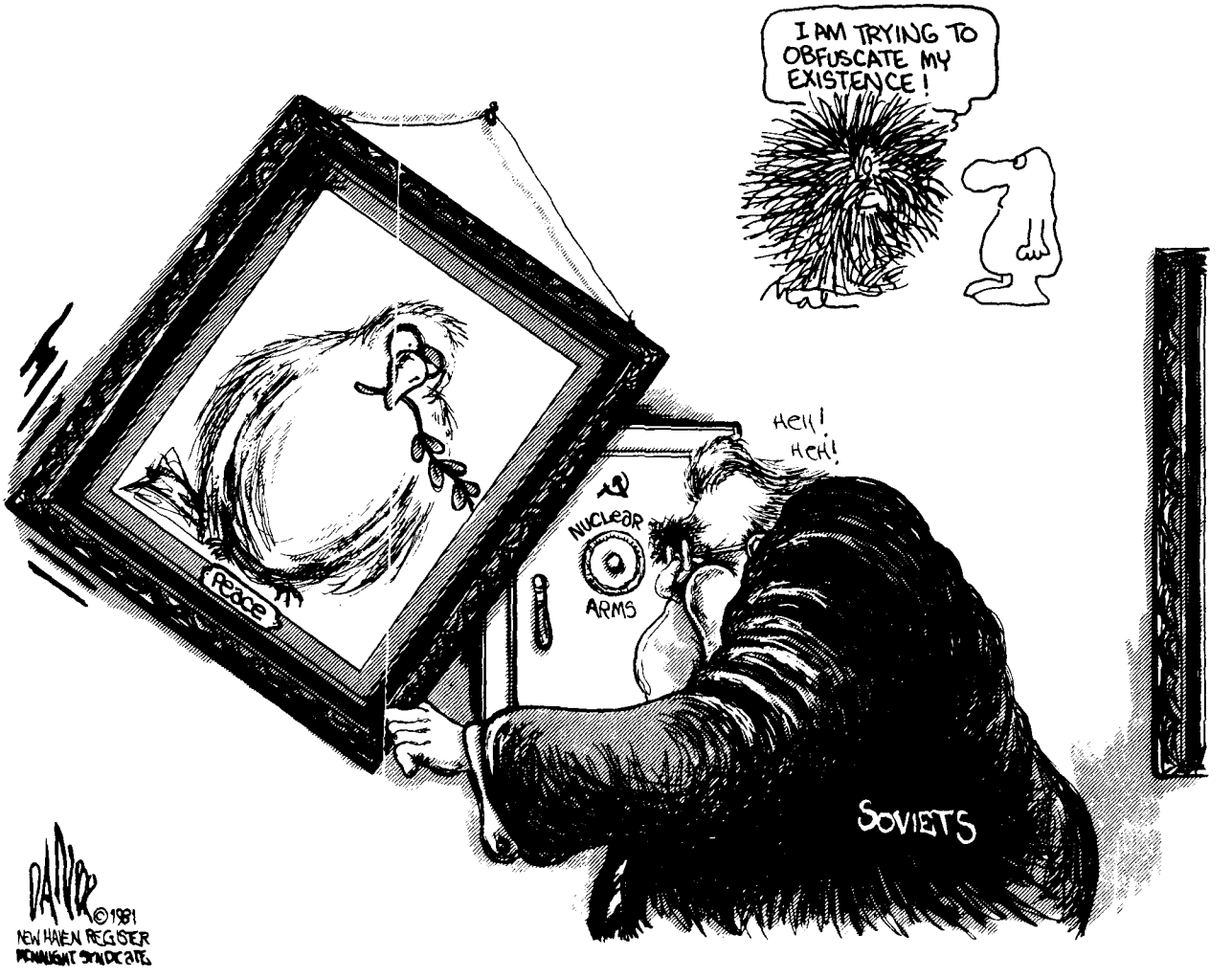
The buffeting's started already,
  And some of the crew's getting rude.
They constantly nagged at Columbus;
  A poll rated Noah unsound.
If leftists had traveled with Moses
  I'm sure all the Jews would have drowned.

W. H. VON DREELE



"One thing I like about the cutbacks: we'll be seeing more of Sonja Henie on Educational TV."



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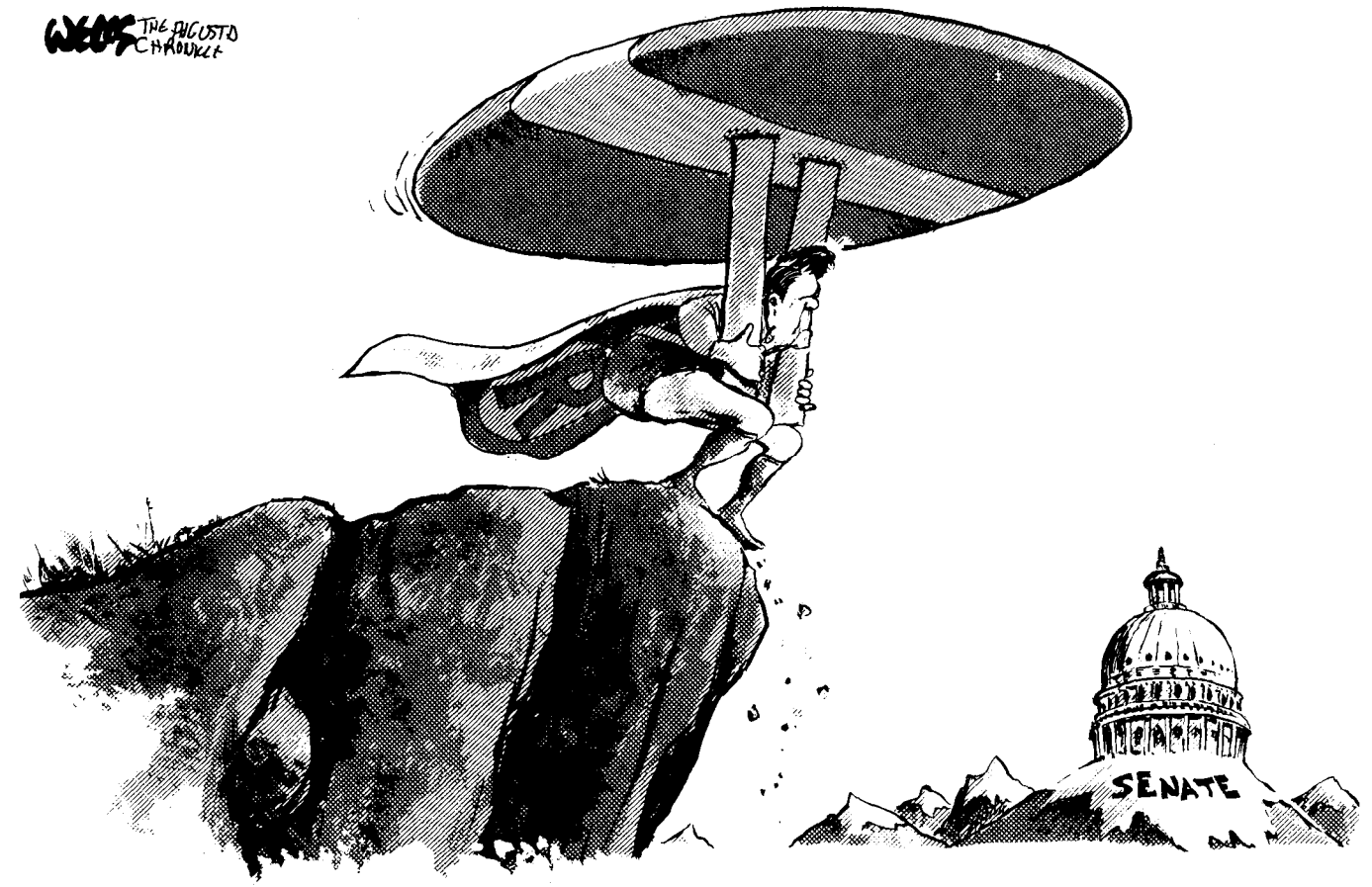

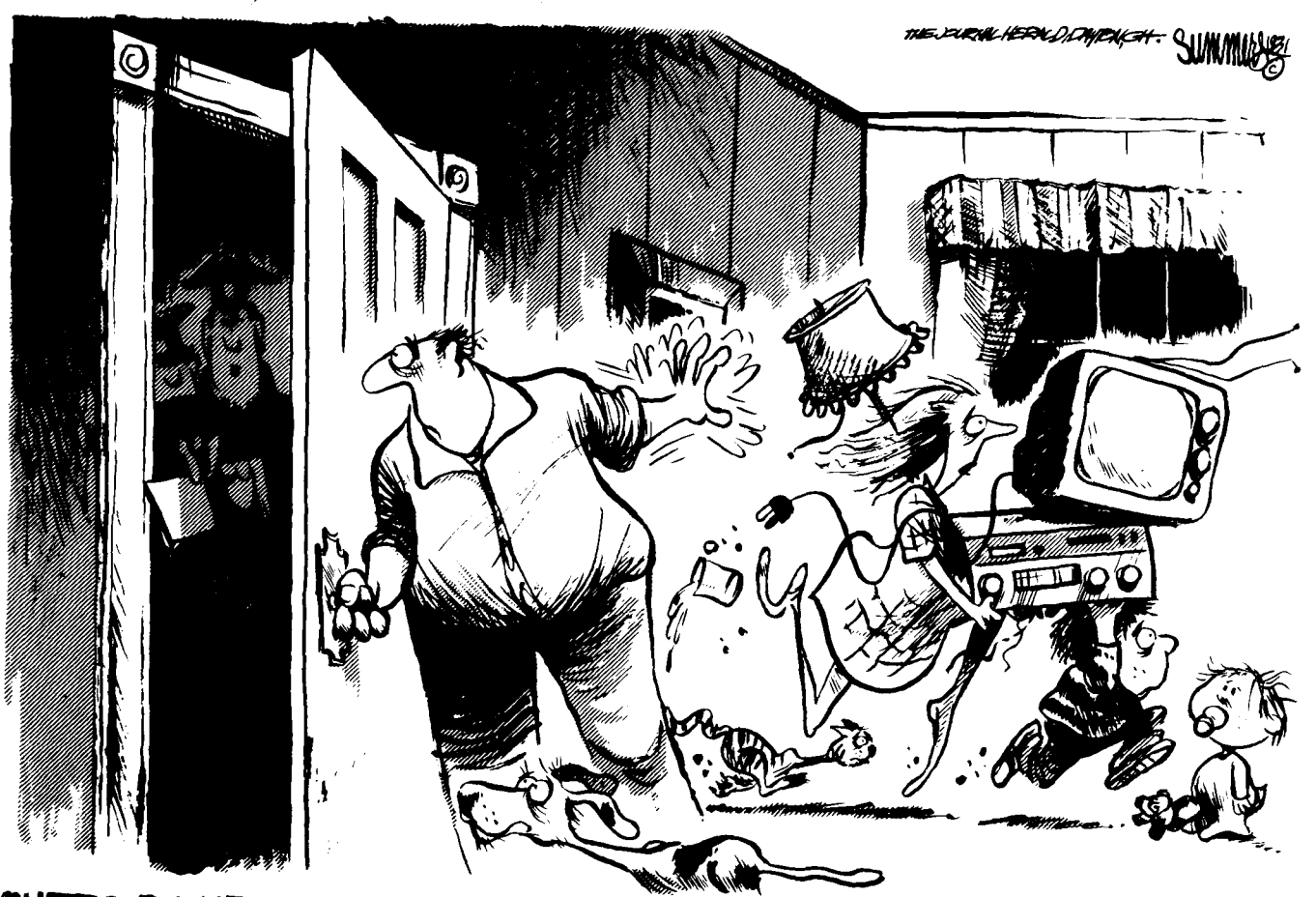

"METRO POLICE... BETAMAX SQUAD!... WE'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!"

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NO SCHMUCK HE

RICHARD BROOKHISER

A YEAR OR SO before his triumphant re-election, Ed Koch came to a dinner at the Union League Club hosted by Frank Shakespeare—a gathering of journalistic fry, large (Michael O'Neill, Norman Podhoretz, Malcolm Forbes), and small (me). Under different auspices, it might have gone by the dreadful name of a "dialogue." We were certainly encouraged to ask questions. In fact, Mayor Koch did 96 per cent of the talking unprompted, all of it on his favorite subject—his job.

Koch is not a small man—easily six feet tall, and broad. When he listens, there is something reserved, almost wary about him. He squints slightly and considers you. But when he talks, he is passionate, animated, engaged. He has a piercing tenor voice, with that rising New York City inflection (*nu?*), and a fine round barren head with patches of crinkly hair, like sofa stuffing, stuck to the sides.

There had been two crises that week—rather, two new ones, distinct from the on-going crises. The first involved what Koch zestfully described as a "religious war" in Brooklyn. A Hassidic rabbi was coming from Jerusalem to visit his flock, one of several sects which cluster in the Williamsburg neighborhood. This particular rabbi, however, was viewed with deep suspicion by another Hassidic group, on the grounds that he recognizes the present State of Israel—a blasphemous concession in the eyes of those who expect the Jewish state to be restored when, and only when, the Messiah returns. There were complaints, protests, and, on the unofficial level, even threats of violence. Koch held parleys, cajoling, warning, racing religious deadlines. "They said, he can't talk to me, it's the sabbath [which begins on sundown Friday]. I said, what do you mean, I'm looking out my window, it's still light?" (*Nu?*) Only in America, as Yogi Berra remarked when he was told that Dublin had elected a Jewish mayor. Ultimately, the anti-Zionists were mollified, and the two shtetls did not go at each other's throats.

The other crisis involved vandalism on the subways—especially, graffiti. New York subway graffiti, those who have not seen it should realize, is a genre unto itself—not just the standard doodles, slogans, and lubricious invitations to jot down your phone number, but huge letters and pictures, trademarks really, each identifying a particular vandal (will art historians of the twenty-fifth century speak learnedly of "The Master of Times Square"?), splashed over the cars in day-glo spray paint. The damage is done at night, when the subway cars slumber in unprotected yards. Koch and Richard Ravitch, director of the Metropolitan Transit Authority, had been discussing how best to stem the tide of paint. Koch had suggested a series of chain-link fences patrolled by wolves—for show, since, as he assured Ravitch, wolves do not actually attack people. But a reporter had pointed out to him that wolves living in captivity did exactly that. "I said, so get *wild* wolves!"

Serious Spoofing

This is only a sketchy summary of a long and tremendous and even partially serious anecdote. Yet Koch's spoofing is also serious. For it is by talking, seriously or frivolously, that he gets closest to people. While being questioned, Koch stands back from the audience; when answering, expounding, explicating, he stands back from the situation, *together* with his audience. Koch expresses defiance, resignation, skepticism, outrage—exactly the emotions of a normal citizen. "You see what we have to deal with?" he seems to snatch your lapel. "You see what this is like? Isn't it the craziest thing you ever heard?"

Which, considering the present condition of the city, may be the only rational stance its mayor can adopt.

Nu?

"A modern-day Justine," wrote the editor of this magazine shortly after running for mayor on the Conservative Party line in 1965,

> could, in New York City, wake up in the morning to a room she shares with her unemployed husband and two children, crowd into a subway in which she is hardly able to breathe, disembark at Grand Central and take a crosstown bus which takes twenty minutes to go the ten blocks to her textile loft, work a full day and receive her paycheck from which a sizable deduction is withdrawn in taxes and union fees . . . go home, and on the way, lose her hand-

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bag to a purse-snatcher, sit down to oversee her son's homework only to trip over the fact that he doesn't really know the alphabet even though he had his 14th birthday yesterday, which he spent in the company of a well-known pusher.

Sixteen years later, not much has changed except for the worse. This month, it was *New York* magazine intoning the Spenglerian catalogue.

> Midtown office-building plazas have been so overrun by vagrants, drunks, and dope dealers that their owners, such as W. R. Grace & Company, have begun closing them down. . . . Despite repeated investigations of bus drivers retiring at double their annual pay—after inflating their last year's income—no one has been able to curb the practice. . . . Midtown traffic on many days is impenetrable. Five thousand cardiac and trauma victims died last year on city streets because paramedics couldn't reach them in time. . . . A sweep of low-level drug dealers from the parks resulted in 260 arrests . . . 88 defendants have gone through the court process . . . nine of them received jail sentences—in each case between two and 15 days.

None of this is to deny New York City its advantages. It is the premier city in the world—one might say, the only city in the world, everything else being overgrown frontier town or museum. It is, at the same time, a dunghill—dirty, dangerous, nerve-wracking, and expensive.

In 1975, it also became insolvent. Liberals traced the city's fiscal straits to an excess of compassion. "Our true sin," moaned Irving Howe, "has been the decency with which New York has treated its poor." In fact, most of the city's runaway spending has gone into the pockets of its underworked and overpaid municipal employees. Mayor Beame's McGivern Commission, to take only one instance, found that the city paid an average of 68 cents in perks and fringes for every dollar of salaries, as compared to an average of 30 to 33 cents spent by other local governments. Surrendering year after year to these bandits was easy, and defying them seemed like political suicide. So Mayors Wagner, Lindsay, and Beame funded the ongoing spree by accounting tricks which, if they had turned them for General Motors, would have landed them in the slammer. When it was finally discovered that New York was broke, the Federal Government declared a moratorium on short-term debts (that is, a default) and plugged the holes in its budget by federal loans. The city agreed in return to get its spending under control.

It was into this morass that Edward Irving Koch stepped. Koch was born in the Bronx, December 12, 1924, to Polish immigrants (he learned English from a tutor hired by his mother). When, during the Depression, his father's fur business collapsed, Koch checked hats at a reception hall in Newark—a memory he is not fond of. "It was demeaning to ask people, 'Don't forget the hat-check boys.' To live on the largesse of people is something that I consider demeaning." Koch worked his way through two years of college selling shoes, spent three years in the army, and graduated from law school in 1948.

The young lawyer got into politics through the Village Independent Democrats, a club of liberal schismatics opposed to New York's last Tammany pols. In 1962, Koch challenged the incumbent state assemblyman in a primary. Koch lost, and vowed that his first election would be his last. But he ran again the same year, for president of his club, successfully, and went on to become, in turn, district leader, city councilman, and congressman for Manhattan's "Silk Stocking" district—John Lindsay's old seat.

All this time, his credentials were solidly liberal. He did civil-rights work in Mississippi in 1964, backed McCarthy in 1968, opposed the Vietnam War, got a 100 per cent rating from the ADA. But fissures were forming. He would not march in antiwar parades led by Vietcong flags, for which Bella Abzug called him a "Red-baiter." In 1971, Koch came out against the construction of low-income high-rises in the white middle-class neighborhood of Forest Hills. When he ran for mayor in 1977, he made a big (and, his enemies charged, opportunistic) point of supporting capital punishment; he had in fact supported it for years, going right back to Caryl Chessman. Koch beat six opponents for the Democratic nomination, including Mrs. Abzug, and won the four-way general election with 50 per cent of the vote.

Unkept Promise

How is he doing? Koch promised, in his first campaign, to improve city services, a promise he admits he has not fulfilled. The number of police on street patrol, to take one example, has shrunk. Koch argues, plausibly, that he has had more pressing problems.

Among the most pressing problems are the interest groups which have a stranglehold on city politics. "New York," candidate Buckley was saying way back in 1965, "faces the marginal disutility of bloc satisfaction." Koch's efforts in this area have been mixed. Early in his term, he flushed hundreds of middlemen out of the city's poverty industry, whereupon a tremendous keening arose from black and Puerto Rican politicians who had used these positions for patronage and political clout. Koch's rhetoric on minority issues has been decidedly impious. Two years ago, *The New Yorker* caused something of a sensation by running, in the midst of a long piece, a quotation from oral memoirs Koch had recorded for Columbia in the mid-Seventies. "I find the black community very anti-semitic. I don't care what the American Jewish Congress or the B'nai B'rith will issue by way of polls showing the black community is not. I think that's pure bull." Koch takes offense at the routine

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charges of racism with which anything black politicians oppose is greeted, and has not hesitated to say so publicly.

His negotiating style with the municipal unions has been equally unrepentant. He is infrequently on speaking terms with Victor Gotbaum, chairman of the Municipal Labor Committee—a grave failing only in the eyes of those who consider it an article of the natural law that the unelected Gotbaum should have a secure and honored place in the administrative scheme of things. Sometimes the brusqueness pays off, sometimes not. Koch went into his first round of labor negotiations in 1978, bristling and inadequately briefed, and gave away more than he had expected. More recently, however, he has gotten the sanitation workers to cut crews on garbage trucks from three to two. This, of course, is only scratching the surface. At some point, a determined mayor will have to do to an obstreperous union what Reagan did to PATCO. (Koch's reaction, when asked to pose with a live Bengal tiger, may be relevant here: "No. The mayor is not a coward, and the mayor is also not a schmuck.")

Koch's greatest success so far has been with the budget, balanced for 1982 at $14.7 billion. To be sure, he has done it largely by borrowing—from Washington, from Albany. New York State has agreed to take over the city's Medicaid costs, and Koch is pressing Governor Carey to absorb welfare as well. Reagan has agreed to chip in $1.7 billion for Westway, a covered highway on Manhattan's middle and lower West Side. Koch has not told anybody where this money ultimately comes from, and he is not averse to generating more: when the Democratic National Strategy Council met last month in Baltimore, Koch plugged a Reconstruction Finance Corporation for the Northeast, and federal responsibility for housing and mass transit.

But Koch also knows that the Great Society is over. "We conferred on special interests," Koch told his audience in Baltimore, "the right to set our legislative agenda. We lost touch with reality." Koch has held increases in city spending to 4 per cent a year, less than half the federal rate of increase. He complains of Washington bureaucrats who write costly regulations, and calls them "mandate mandarins." (A pet peeve: retrofitting the subway system for the handicapped, at a cost of $1.6 billion. "The dumbest thing imaginable," says Koch, and adds that it would be cheaper to give all the handicapped taxi service.) He declares his goal is to put New York "in the median tax-rate range." No matter that Koch was a high-tax mandarin himself when he was in Washington. "I didn't understand what I was doing when I was in Congress because in Congress you spend other people's money."

One can't utter such sentiments without incurring the wrath of the city's liberal community. Throughout the spring, committees were convened to scout up an opponent. DUMP KOCH buttons sprouted on the Upper West Side like toadstools after a thunderstorm, while downtown, the *Village Voice*, always inflamed, became positively poxy on the subject of the mayor.

Koch ran rings around them all. The 1980 elections should have warned his opponents what manner of politician they were dealing with. Then, Koch had managed to campaign for Carter in Florida while inviting Reagan to Gracie Mansion. Now he entered both the Democratic and the Republican primaries. Frank Barbaro, the liberal sacrificial lamb, and John Esposito, a conservative from Queens, opposed him; he overwhelmed them both. On Election Day, Barbaro, running on the Unity ticket, got 13 per cent. Esposito, on the Conservative ticket, got 5 per cent. Mary Codd, Liberal, got 4 per cent, and Dr. Jeronimo Dominguez, Right to Life, 3 per cent. Koch made it under the wire with 75 per cent.

He will spend the rest of his political life in the city. Like Italian wine, he doesn't travel well. He is too New York (*nu*, York?). Koch, for his part, is happy where he is, working, wheedling, shrugging, clowning, hectoring.

He has succeeded, with all his considerable savvy, in pulling New York marginally back from the brink. Curing its basic distempers will be immensely more difficult. He probably won't succeed; he's also probably the best New York is likely to get. □

"All right! Who just hit the gong?!"

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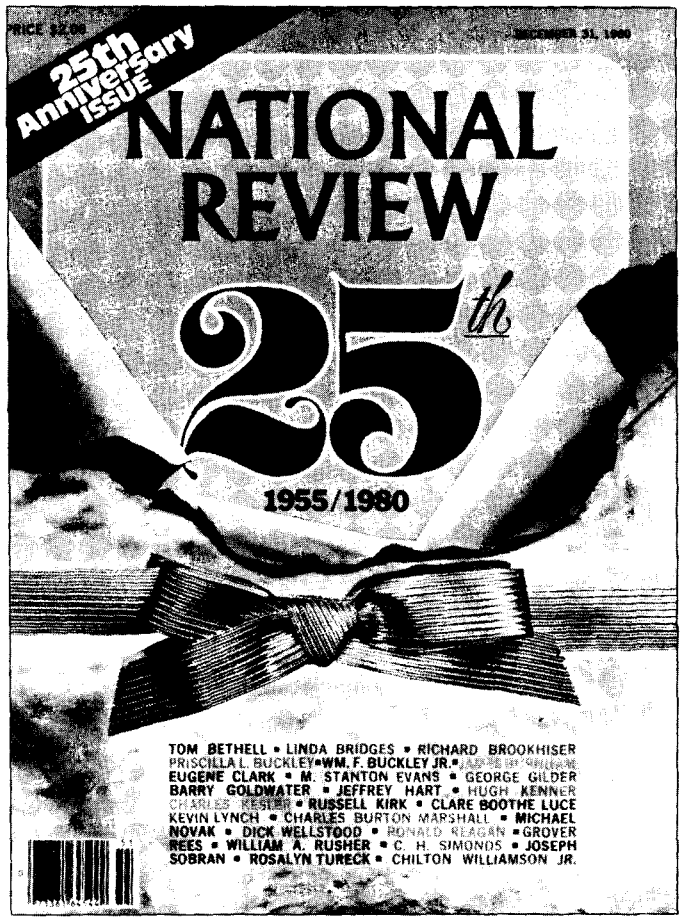
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Abroad

Mogadishu *Southeast of Suez*

The Americans are moving into the military base the Russians built—but could not stay to occupy—in now pro-Western Somalia on the tip of the Horn of Africa. For the first time, Western correspondents have been permitted to tour the installations on the well-developed base of Berbera, which is being readied for the imminent arrival of American forces and equipment. Berbera is on the Gulf of Aden, strategically close to the mouth of the Red Sea, and will partly make up for the loss of Aden itself, now in the territory of pro-Marxist South Yemen. Washington and Mogadishu signed a $40-million aid agreement last year after Somalia broke with the Soviet Union and expelled Russian troops and technicians in a reversal of alliances that followed the seizure of Ethiopia by Marxist army officers. Somalia has meantime become a beleaguered asylum for hundreds of thousands of Ethiopian refugees, and badly needs Western help. The Berbera base is equipped with various Soviet-built facilities including a 150-bed hospital and a settlement of housing for Russian technicians, known as "Little Moscow."

Nantes *Le Bon Vieux Tram*

France, which has pioneered the renaissance of the rails with its super-swift passenger trains, has also developed a fast new tramway for medium-sized cities. It will soon make its debut in this Breton port. The new tram looks like a lightweight double subway car, and will travel at speeds up to fifty miles an hour, with a carrying capacity of five thousand to 15,000 persons an hour. It is thus considered the ideal method of transportation for cities of 300,000 and up. Most French cities (except Lille and Marseille) tore up their old tram tracks years ago, but they have shown considerable interest in the resurrection of the tram in this form, especially as it is much cheaper than the "heavy" or underground metro. And if the new trams are more expensive than buses initially, they cost the same to run and carry four times as many people.

Brussels *Faltering Community*

Is the European Common Market running out of steam? For thirty years now, ever since the Coal and Steel Pool inspired by French statesman Robert Schuman gave shape to the present Economic Community, it has been clear that national rivalries were to constitute the most enduring obstacle to coherent action. Progress has indeed been made on many fronts, but public opinion throughout Europe has meanwhile grown weary of the idea. As Spain, Portugal, and Turkey line themselves up for membership, the climate at this heavily bureaucratized headquarters is pessimistic for the organization's long run. For one thing, none of the Community's major goals has been reached or is even in sight. The prospect of free movement of commercial goods over frontiers is as remote as ever. The same goes for movement of labor. Currency and customs regulations still differ from one border station to the next. Agricultural policies have resulted in a host of anomalous but nonetheless venomous quarrels involving, notably, exports of French lamb to England and Italian wine to France. The British Labor Party has vowed to withdraw the country entirely from the EEC if it wins the next election. Danish polls show that a majority of Danes now have a "negative" view of the EEC. And so on. Probably the biggest difficulty lies in monetary policy. It has been almost impossible to find a common framework for the workings of the currencies of the original members. Now if the drachma, the peseta, the escudo, and the Turkish lira have to be brought in, the problem will be "almost unthinkable," according to a highly placed source here. A truly united Europe is still far distant.

London *Midst Falling Dew*

Lord Melchett told the House of Lords the other day that there should be a Sunday prohibition on wildfowling because it threatened end-of-the-week bird-watching and estuary surveying. There were, he said, a million bird-watchers in Britain and only 100,000 wildfowlers. A Sunday ban on blasting at ducks and geese seemed only fair. The Earl of Avon replied for the government that there was no conservation case for such a ban. Moreover, he said, most people could only practice their sport of shooting on weekends, and Sunday, after all, was 50 per cent of that time. The ban on wildfowling was subsequently rejected, 99 votes to 68, by the House of Lords.

Harris Rothco

"Go away!"

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ON TAKING THE PLEDGE

Supply-Side Evangelism

NORMAN B. HANNAH

"I BELIEVE the spirit of volunteerism still lives in America. . . . The truth is we've let government take away many things we once considered were really ours to do voluntarily . . . I believe many of you want to do those things again . . ." proclaimed President Reagan in his address to the nation on September 24. The President knows, and said, that "it will take time for the effect [of this program] to be felt. . . . The important thing is to hold to a firm steady course."

Right. But will the country wait three or four years for it to take effect? If the American people, deeply hooked on living beyond their means and depending on the government, can bring themselves to swear off, won't they expect to get some reward for their pains fairly quickly?

The analogy with alcoholism is apposite. Significantly, anti-alcoholism programs don't simply cut off drink and let the patient suffer alone. Instead, they surround the reforming prodigal with helpful friends and prescribe programs of study, self-examination, and prayer, the memorization of self-disciplinary catechisms, physical exercise and restorative diets, and, above all, missionary work to help fellow-sufferers. Something similar is needed in our economic program to bridge the gap between noble resolution and real cure, something to get America's penitent prodigals—all of us; "Americans Anonymous"—personally engaged in working the cure.

The disease consists of the consumptive habit of collectively demanding to be paid more than the true value of what we produce. The cure lies in wiping out this vice, which implies not only the withdrawal of too much money but *its replacement by increased production.* Much of the reform proposed by this Administration is to be accomplished by pulling (or releasing) certain institutional levers—budget, currency, interest, taxation (cuts and reforms), regulation, welfare, indexation, etc. But adjusting these levers can hurt real people and we must face up to this squarely. It was a vice of Keynesianism to discount individual motivation in favor of macroeconomic statistical models with a built-in demand-based bias which postponed hurting the individual. The supply-side economists must not duplicate the macroeconomists' error of simply pulling certain institutional levers and then waiting for a statistical result. The economy is millions of flesh-and-blood people with different capacities, goals, and motives. Last year's presidential election demonstrated a national readiness to reform, but the reform must be personal as well as institutional. Men and women must be given an encompassing doctrine to explain their hurts and make them supportable.

Two things are required: 1) a changed attitude toward work and production: we must learn to demand less and produce more because, as George Gilder has shown us in *Wealth and Poverty*, production—not demand—is the root of wealth; and 2) steadfastness to see the reform through to the end, recognizing that the course will be more bitter before it gets sweeter. Lacking this, the new economic program, however well-conceived, will not last one year before it succumbs to the chronic disease it is supposed to cure.

Doubt of our ability to meet these two criteria shows the extent to which demand economics has accustomed us to the idea that a people can have whatever it demands without concern for how it is to be produced or paid for. This is "psychic inflation," which is the companion of the economic inflation the Administration is attacking. Like the alcoholic's craving, it represents appetites and energies which cannot be simply denied but must be redirected from consuming to producing. Coping with "psychic inflation" is essential to the success of the main attack on economic inflation.

What we need is a populist movement to increase both productivity and total production. President Reagan's admiration for President Franklin Roosevelt is apropos because, while our economic problem is different from the one FDR faced, there is a political resonance between 1933 and 1981. In economic terms, Roosevelt never cured the Depression—only World War II did that, by stimulating production. But Roosevelt did galvanize the country, giving it a sense of direction and momentum. NRA, AAA, WPA, PWA, CCC, etc. did not treat our economic illness—they may even have set us on the long downward slope of demand economics that brought us to our present straits—but they did forge a sense of national unity, healing the divisiveness that had thrived on drift.

If Roosevelt bridged the gap with a populist economic program for pumping out money to create demand, could not President Reagan span the gap we face today by stimulating a populist surge to increase productivity?

How? First, by sparking our re-education in the role of work in civilization. Americans are not lazy. The United States stands as a triumph of the greatest burst of creative energy in history. But in recent decades there has been a subtle shift, of which social scorn of the "work ethic" is a symptom. We must learn once again to value work for its purposive creativity, not simply to earn our bread—the mere expenditure of ergs in exchange for pay. Work—even repetitive work—is creative when its meaning is understood because it is directed toward a larger purpose, creating food or tools or knowledge or power. Not only the President but other officials and institutions should seize every opportunity to encourage this view of work.

But work is quality as well as quantity. One of the most hackneyed but valid complaints of today is of the decline in craftsmanship, a disease epitomized by the shoddy concept of "planned obsolescence." Without establishing any new agency to enforce standards of craftsmanship, the President and his Administration could encourage industry and labor to raise standards

Mr. Hannah, a retired foreign-service officer, is a frequent contributor to NR.

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themselves through agreements worked out in individual factories. If the NRA fostered labor-management agreements to hold up prices and if the AAA fostered agreements to restrict production, could not ways be found today to achieve the opposite results? Could not better workmanship *and* higher production be fostered by management and labor through agreed but voluntary efforts which would contribute, even if only minimally, to lower prices?

A voluntary contribution of extra working hours (say 5 per cent per week) by both management and labor, spreading the saved labor costs so as to effect even a very small price cut across the plant's increased total output, would not only be a collateral boost to the government's anti-inflation program but would shore up its political flank during the "withdrawal pains" by engaging "Americans Anonymous" personally in working their own cure. Impossible? Maybe, but if labor and management can agree on mutual restraints and voluntary contributions to save one company (Chrysler), could they not reach similar agreements in many industries—temporary emergency agreements—for a far better cause, i.e., saving the national economy?

GIVEN A stirring call to action and a sound, patriotic doctrine, Americans could be inspired (in their mood today) to generous contributions of time and work, not only in industry but in other fields, in rural as well as urban areas. The widespread support of ecological protection could stimulate the creation of volunteer corps of Americans willing to work on simple projects (under supervision) which otherwise would go undone. Persons on welfare or receiving food stamps could be asked to work part-time on designated public projects or even private ones in support of agreed-on productivity programs as suggested earlier. Persons drawing pensions or annuities could, for a limited period of one to two years, forgo the indexed cost-of-living increment as their contribution to the stabilization of our economy.

But such a populist resurgence requires a meaningful doctrine, even a philosophy, which would make the effort relevant to something greater than self. Proclaiming such a philosophy is a presidential job for which Ronald Reagan is eminently qualified. In that televised address in September he quoted Tom Paine to us: "We have it within our power to begin the world over again." He challenged us directly, "What are we waiting for?" Pride in work, devotion to creativity, striving for greater quantity and higher quality, voluntarily organizing to contribute to the national cause—these are concepts which President Reagan finds congenial and can communicate to the American people. In so doing he must stimulate other persons and groups—political, labor, agricultural, industrial, academic, and religious—to speak out, discussing the constant elements of human striving in ways in which they have not been much discussed since the flowering of New England settlements, American independence, and the Constitution.

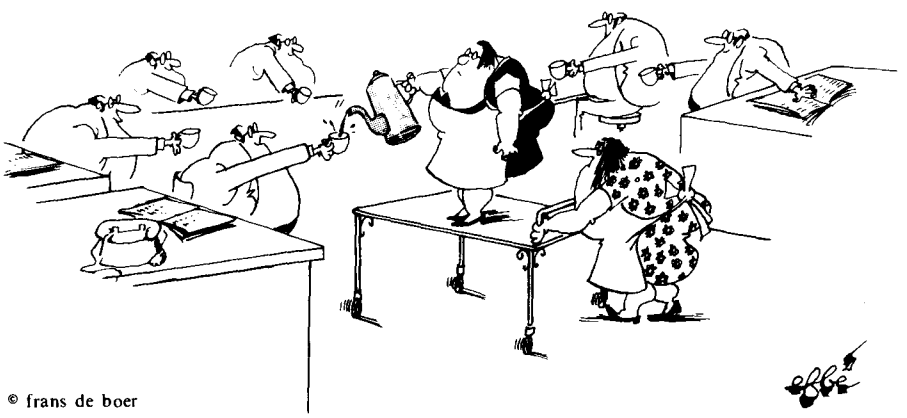
How long has it been since Americans talked to each other seriously about such things? How long has it been since our leaders have told us that work and production, value and purpose are at the heart of Society—a society which grows organically of sinew built of man's work? Or, that such a growing society is the real engine of civilization, not the State? Or that, in America, the State is only an artificial, mechanical framework created by—*not born out of*—Society as a tool for executing certain specialized services, e.g., to provide a sound medium of exchange, to preserve internal order and external defense, and to administer justice? These are the things Society should render unto Caesar.

The State was not created to organize work and creativity, and when it attempts to do so by forcing them into its mechanical frame it only stifles them. Moreover, the more it tries to organize work and drive Society the less well it performs its original assigned functions—exchange, order, defense, justice. The evidence of this is made plain every day in the newspapers, which for years have told of accelerating inflation, ineffectiveness abroad, atrophied defense, surging crime, and ineffective justice. As the editor of the *New Statesman*, Paul Johnson, says, "When Caesar becomes a nursemaid, he ceases to be a soldier."

But, if Society persists in demanding more than the value of what it produces the State will surely move in to fill the gap with more paper currency, thus debauching it. That gap has grown so rapidly and the State has moved in so far that some fear Society is already too dependent on its vice to survive the withdrawal pains. This remains to be seen, but a summons to extraordinary personal effort, supported by a straightforward public re-examination of work and its relation to the elements of civilization, could go a long way toward strengthening the will and determination to see it through. It's not just a question of turning the economy around—it's a question of turning *us* around.

"Work," after all, is a garden-variety word for "creation," which is the constantly regenerating force that runs through the universe from God (however described) to Man, to Society, and only lastly to the State. The State is created but, unlike the first three, it is not itself a true creator (it wasn't intended to be), except of clones of itself which, in totalitarianism, consume everything.

Is the burden too heavy? Well, occasionally in history, after a long period of coasting, Society reaches a rough patch which can only be crossed by getting out to push—and that is what we have to do now. □



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HUGH KENNER

The State of Poetry

Books Arts & Manners

NO POETS? What are you asking for? A Homer? You are not a tribe. When Homer smote (as Kipling phrased it) "'is bloomin' lyre," he was declaiming to people gathered by firelight. At leisure and with the working daylight behind them, his listeners were present for more than a tale's entertainment. They had gathered to be reminded who they were: out of what past they stemmed, and what they collectively knew.

The bard, we may learn from Eric Havelock's *Preface to Plato*, was the tribal memory, custodian of such lore as we nowadays look up in our notes or a handbook: how to beach a ship (as it were, adjust a carburetor), how to address a priest, under whose leadership the ships (and how many) of each Achaean city had converged upon Troy of the horse-people.

For in a pre-literate age, that is, during 99 per cent of the lifetime of the human race, which invented writing only yesterday, there was no way to record anything save by recitation that lodged it in memory. The poet was he who could clothe things in memorable formulae, as we may be reminded by the most widely known and most influential set of verses in the English language, the ones that begin "Thirty days hath September . . ." and can command Chase Manhattan vice presidents.

Though it exists in a Middle English manuscript, "Thirty days . . ." itself is almost never written down. Hundreds of millions now living have learned it ear to mouth. Of unknown authorship, it is our functional equivalent to the catalogue of ships in the *Iliad*.

With nemo *let me never see*
Neminis *or* nemini

chanted learners of Latin within living memory, fixing in mind by explicit prohibition the indeclinability of *nemo*.

Begin thy ploughing
When the Pleiades have gone to their rest,

declaimed Hesiod in the Greek of the eighth century B.C., shaping an entry for the oldest almanac Western culture preserves. Almanacs have gone right on co-opting measured language:

Evening red and morning grey
Are certain signs of a fine day

is still nautical folklore, and Ben Franklin's Almanac

(Early to bed and early to rise . . .)

maintained the mnemonic tradition in the Colonies.

AND IF you had to learn Hamlet's long part overnight you'd be glad its words were arranged in verse: a reason for the most mechanical and unpoetic of Elizabethan dramatists to have cobbled together, speech by speech, verse of a sort, and for even Shakespeare to have metered such a line as

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry,

which displays not a hint of his miraculous powers but is easy for the player to mug up.*

By Shakespeare's time only actors and schoolboys were dependent on verse mnemonics; printing-presses had commenced to fill such public memory-banks as we still rely on. Not that poets grew obsolete. There were many who wrote words for songs, or strung together "sugar'd" (Italianate) sonnets for the delectation of literati. These proved one order of elegance to be as well attainable at Thames-side as by the Arno, and George Chapman had also demonstrated how English, that reputedly barbarous tongue, could sustain a lively version of the *Iliad*.

Amid the slow breakdown of Latin as the language the mind of Europe used for talking to itself, such poets were *testing* what seemed a new-found tongue, newly displayed to itself in its printed artifacts. Their ministration to English

*You can't believe it? See *Romeo and Juliet*, IV.iv.2.

Aram Bakshian Jr. *works on the White House staff. He is the author of* The Candidates—1980. . . . **Hugh Kenner** *is a professor of English at Johns Hopkins University. He is the author of numerous books, of which the most recent is* Joyce's Voices. . . . **Charles Nicol** *is a professor of English at Indiana State University. His book* Nabokov's Fifth Arc *will be published soon by the University of Texas Press.* . . . **Terry Teachout** *is a music and literary critic residing in Missouri.*

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self-esteem was consolidated once John Milton had surpassed Italy herself in heroic narrative. (He did not claim to have exceeded Homer and Vergil, but Pope was to make that claim on his behalf.)

Since the Renaissance that has been a dominant challenge for poets: the expansion of the limits of some vernacular. There has been no more reliable source of vitality, whether the vernacular in question be a language recognized by lexicographers or a set of regional habits denoting the way a demarkable group of people talk to one another.

Thus after first an Irish and then an American way with English had become identifiable, missions of conquest were launched on behalf of both nations. Early in the twentieth century Yeats and Joyce were establishing Irish English, Pound and Eliot American English, as sturdy idiolects fit to command international esteem. The Irish maintain a certain edge, and the salient fact about English in this century, transcending even its emergence as the jargon of air-control towers world-wide, is that it is the language in which *Ulysses* was written. Be you a Swiss, a Finn, a Pole, or a Japanese, to emerge from some local nescience you will have to read Joyce. After 1919 Joyce's pages grew more and more untranslatable, so you will also have to learn English. Learn English—not for Shakespeare but to come to terms with an antinomian Irishman! Joyce's is a less Pyrrhic victory than his countrymen won in their bloody years (1916-22) of achieving the Republic. The Irish hegemony continues: the best poets active in the language today are Seamus Heaney and John Montague. (And the surest of *French* stylists is Sam Beckett.)

The living poet with the most serene body of accomplishment is the Northumbrian Basil Bunting, now 81, who can look back serenely on *Briggflatts* (1966), the most indelible piece of writing by an Englishman since Wordsworth's *Prelude* of 1805. (See *NR*, October 31, 1967, for the only American review I know of.) This six-parted autobiographical meditation opens beside a north-of-England stream called Rawthey:

Brag, sweet tenor bull
descant on Rawthey's madrigal,
each pebble its part
for the fells' late spring.
Dance tiptoe, bull,
black against may.
Ridiculous and lovely,
chase hurdling shadows
morning into noon.
May on the bull's hide
and through the dale
furrows fill with may,
paving the slowworm's way. . . .

Bunting's "may," incidentally, is a white-flowered plant, and his "slowworm" a common legless European lizard. But reading skills decline, and so does topographical knowledge; in 1979 a countryman of Bunting's named Schmidt told readers of a handbook to modern poets that Rawthey was the name of the bull. That blunder was an index to larger misunderstandings.*

Study guides are published, and literary opinion gets made, in capitals, where the oracles don't even so much as know who the poets are. That is because for decades English poetry, like American, has been revitalizing itself out of resources so regional Times Square and the Strand are left incredulous. (I'll leave for some other time the deadliest tastemaker of all, the textbook-publishing industry, which makes its living second-guessing the preparedness of junior-college teachers.)

Bunting, like R. S. Thomas, like Charles Tomlinson, carved out his poetic in declining to pretend that London was the center of anything English save commerce: yet one more instance of the principle of local affirmation. (Thomas's locality is Wales, Tomlinson's Gloucestershire.) They can draw on a region for speech, because a region is where the things people talk about matter to them. Think about that carefully. It is nothing else, and certainly not geography, that makes Maine Maine, Brooklyn Brooklyn. Louis Zukofsky went so far as to transpose Guido Cavalcanti's "*Donna mi pregha . . .*" not into English but into Brooklynese. This *tour de force* began, "A foin lass bodders me . . ."

The salient American instance of course is William Carlos

*See Donald Davie's "One Way to Misread *Briggflatts*," in Carroll F. Terrell's invaluable *Basil Bunting: Man and Poet* (National Poetry Foundation, Orono, Maine; 442 pp., $22.50; paperback, $12.95).

RANDOM NOTES

■ Last November Titles: Alfred Werner's *Utrillo* (Abrams, $40) is a handsome volume in the Library of Great Painters Series; it includes a prefatory essay, 48 color plates, and 77 half-tones. . . . Josep Palau i Fabre's *Picasso: The Early Years, 1881-1907* (Rizzoli, $160 to December 31; then $175) carefully documents the hitherto generally neglected early years of Picasso's life and career. . . . Ronald Hingley, the scholar of Russian literature, is the author of *Nightingale Fever: Russian Poets in Revolution* (Knopf, $15.95), a study of the life and works of four major Russian poets of this century: Pasternak, Mandelstam, Akhmatova, Marina Tsvetayeva.

■ Some December Titles: *Thomas Mann: The Making of an Artist, 1875-1911* (Knopf, $17.95) is part of a planned biography by Richard Winston, published posthumously. Winston was a friend of Mann, and the translator and editor of his letters; completed, his book would have been a major work, and the present volume, as it stands, is well worth looking into.

The Papers of George Catlett Marshall: "The Soldierly Spirit," December 1880-June 1939 (Johns Hopkins, $30), edited by Larry I. Bland and Sharon R. Ritenour, is the first of six volumes of documents pertaining to the life and work of President Franklin Roosevelt's Secretary of State and the originator of the Marshall Plan. The first volume takes Marshall up to his appointment as Roosevelt's Acting Chief of Staff.

■ Coming in January: William F. Buckley Jr.'s *Marco Polo, If You Can* (Doubleday, $13.95) finds Blackford Oakes in a U-2 over Russia, then in the Lubyanka. . . . *The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95) gives you *more* George F. Will. . . . *Sketches from Life: The Autobiography of Lewis Mumford, The Early Years* (Dial, $19.95) covers the first 35 years in the life of the supercritic. —CW

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Williams (1883-1963), whose life, as newly told by Paul Mariani, repays pondering.*

While New York, 1910-40, was defining itself as an international focus of the arts, Doc Williams (no stranger to Europe) chose to hunker down in Rutherford, N.J. and reproduce the speech he heard thereabouts.

Her milk don't seem to . . .
She's always hungry but . . .
She seems to gain all right,
I don't know.

He was a long time realizing the implications of what he collected—

Only of late, late! begun to know, to
know clearly (as through clear ice) whence
I drew my breath or how to employ it
clearly—if not well. . . .

He called his major poem *Paterson*, and in 1965 the London *Times* paid him the high compliment of supposing that Paterson was an imaginary city in New Jersey. Once a poet has lifted the actual to the plane of imagination it takes up residence there. (Not till 1871, coerced by Schliemann's spade, did scholars cease supposing Homer's Troy was imaginary.)

One of the things to be learned from Williams (who had lived in Geneva, Munich, Vienna, Paris) is how much more the local innovator must know than the local Rotarians can teach. Extra languages won't harm him, nor some sense of what international modernism has been up to. Though Williams could look the rube and frequently felt like one, and was identifiable in Bergen County (N.J.) as a long-time member of the Mosquito Extermination Commission, his extra-local affiliations sufficed to disorient the Library of Congress, one of whose officials in 1952 opined on the telephone that he "had sure gotten around a lot." This was by way of suggesting he would not be welcome to take up the Poetry Consultantship they'd twice offered him.

To find poets—this is still a good bet—look to the regional, where you will find as much blather as anywhere, the distribution of blather being apparently uniform like that of junk mail, but may also turn up a Robert Bly in Minnesota, a Dick Higgins in Michigan, a Donald Hall in New Hampshire, a Guy Davenport in Kentucky, a Jonathan Williams in North Carolina (when he's there), a David Wagoner in Washington (not D.C.), and even in Manhattan a Samuel Menashe, for whom being an English-speaking Jew in the late twentieth century can release the taut energies of a locale.

They get published, generally speaking, from little presses, a fact which, reflecting nothing more than metropolitan unsureness, confers no special cachet, small presses churning out bilge as readily as large. Black Sparrow Press in Los Angeles and North Point Press in Berkeley are two of the more discriminating. (And do not write me about omissions from any of these lists. They are illustrative merely.)

David Wagoner's 1956-76 *Collected Poems* chanced to be published by a university press (Indiana). Since (again by chance) I find the book at hand I'll transcribe a ten-year-old poem called "Lost."

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,
Must ask permission to know it and be known.
The forest breathes. Listen. It answers,
I have made this place around you.
If you leave it, you may come back again, saying Here.
No two trees are the same to Raven.
No two branches are the same to Wren.
If what a tree or a bush does is lost on you,
You are surely lost. Stand still. The forest knows
Where you are. You must let it find you.

This is not, unless I'm mistaken, a regional idiolect—no, International Standard English in its hortatory mode—but certainly the preoccupation of a region where going into the woods is no more abnormal than going into a boat off Gloucester (Mass.). Being lost, though, that's not regional. You can be "lost" in a penthouse. Stand still. Wherever you are is called Here.

That is a profundity ("Begin where you are," said Lord Palmerston, who was thinking of political action). But requiring "permission to know it and be known" is more the prerogative of forests than of penthouses, which in general have lost any power to create a hush. Since you're not reading in a forest, it's the myth of the Forest that takes over:

William Carlos Williams: A New World Naked, by Paul Mariani (McGraw-Hill, 874 pp., $22.95).

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the Forest where the trees and the bushes "do," and what they do had best not be lost on you. "You must let it find you": a reproof to frantic action. Don't just do something, stand there. Off the edge of the poem is a factive quietness. *Du calme, monsieur et madame.*

Of such, refreshed by immediate experience that matters, is the domain of current poetry: of any poetry. You'll remember it, won't you?—remember Raven and Wren. Poems, said Confucius, can exhilarate; can sharpen perception; can also elevate your capacity for useful and enlightened action ("men die," wrote William Carlos Williams, for lack of what is in "despised poems"): moreover can help you "remember the names of many birds, animals, plants, and trees." □

From Bauhaus to Our House
By Tom Wolfe
Farrar, 143 pp., $10.95

CASE CLOSED

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Tom Wolfe doesn't see *the buildings he discusses. Ironically, he is as bemused by words and theories as the people he attacks.*

This has already emerged as The Thing To Say about Tom Wolfe's new book, *From Bauhaus to Our House.* It's a terrific book, of course. Like all his books, it will be delicious reading long after the uproar has died down and its essential rightness has been assimilated. I re-read *Radical Chic* a few months back, and was impressed at what a *thoughtful* book it is.

Wolfe's trademark is a kind of exultant circumspection, approaching a subject from without, seeing relations the specialists are too absorbed to notice. He sees with his own eyes and speaks with his own voice, violating the conventional decorum of the subject in the profoundest possible way: he treats the decorum itself as part of the subject.

In this zippy little narrative of modern architecture, less a capsule history than a protracted anecdote, he notices the funny way architects talk. Have a soupçon of Robert Venturi: "Instead, I speak of a complex and contradictory architecture based on the richness and ambiguity of modern experience [still awake?], including that experience which is inherent in art." You and I might dismiss this as pompous cant. Wolfe sees more in it: he thinks it has a lot to do with the way so many buildings *look.* Godawful.

Wolfe traces this back to Germany after the Great War, to the Bauhaus compound, its inmates, and their successors, anti-bourgeois theorists all. Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier: full of socialist rhetoric, bent on producing a pure and functional "worker housing," they stripped away everything traditional and decorative, damning it all as bourgeois, and "starting from zero." Consider poor Bruno Taut, who had the gaucherie to adorn a worker housing project with a red façade:

> Bruno was a likable sort. And God knew he was profoundly non-bourgeois . . . on the emotional and intellectual level . . . After all, he was a Marxist to the point of popped veins on his forehead. He was the kind of man they had naturally assigned to do a worker housing project called Uncle Tom's Cabin (*Onkel Toms Hütte*) in Berlin. But a red façade? A *color*? Well, I mean, my God—*how very bourgeois!* Why didn't he go all the way and put nasturtiums all over the front, the way Otto Wagner did with his Majolika House in Vienna in 1910! Oh, how they sniggered at poor Bruno over his beloved red front. Henceforth, white, beige, grey, and black became the patriotic colors, the geometric flag, of all the compound architects.

The ideology of the compounds wafted across the Atlantic to influence young American architects who dug it because it was the latest thing from Europe, though they were innocent of the socialist underpinnings. And although they squirmed with embarrassment at the way buildings built in obedience to the theory actually looked, they couldn't bring themselves to challenge the theory itself—only to bring forth variations on it. If you seek monuments to the theory, look around you. Godawful.

FROM BAUHAUS TO OUR HOUSE resembles previously charted Wolfe territory—most obviously *The Painted Word,* which similarly accounts for modern painting of the New York schools. It's also akin to the early material in *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby,* where he celebrated native popular art forms, like custom auto design, that develop in blissful ignorance of cultural antecedents and intellectuals' theories. Even *Radical Chic* is less concerned with how silly the Bernsteins look—a point that even the editorial columns of the *New York Times* had already stomped to death—than with the gap between theory and act, between what we do and what we think we're doing. Wolfe is forever showing us an America the intellectuals don't notice. He challenges their credentials as interpreters of our national experience; what's more, he shows them as comically deficient in self-understanding.

He breaks spells. His famous orthography—exclamation points and italics galore—creates a purposeful informality, allowing him to perceive spontaneously while avoiding writing sentences like this one. I wish I could get the hang of it myself. He is half observer, half invader, raiding other people's domains and refusing to check his self at the door. Then he goes out and tells it *his* way. The people he writes about are usually furious.

And you can see why academicians

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consider him a demagogue. He doesn't footnote. He appeals directly to our intuitions. He's terribly, infallibly funny.

But a demagogue he isn't, because he doesn't confirm prejudices. He always shows you the subject in a new light. However you hate abstract expressionism, Bauhaus architecture, or Leonard Bernstein, you don't put down Wolfe's books saying, "Aha! Just as I thought!"

He doesn't pretend to be a scholar. If anything, he pretends not to be. He prefers metaphor and hyperbole to induction. He makes no claim to completeness. All he offers are resonant miniatures of our time, persuasive because we recognize a correspondence between what he describes and what we know. Is there more to the story than he tells? Maybe. He doesn't deny it. But sometimes a good laugh is nature's way of saying the case is closed. □

The Last Laugh
By S. J. Perelman
Simon & Schuster, 192 pp., $12.95

FAREWELL, VINEGAR PUSS

TERRY TEACHOUT

S. J. Perelman's new, posthumous collection—titled, with a pleasantly black flourish, *The Last Laugh*—is chiefly made up of pieces Perelman wrote for *The New Yorker* during the last five years of his life, padded out with four "fragments" from an unfinished autobiography that was to have been called *The Hindsight Saga*. These chapters (which deal with the Marx Brothers, Nathanael West, Dorothy Parker, and the writing of three screenplays) are brief, comparatively slight reminiscences which sound like typical Perelman essays written with a firmer-than-usual grasp on reality; they suggest that a completed Perelman memoir, whatever its other virtues, would probably have supplied little insight into its author's private life and concerns.

The *New Yorker* pieces, on the other hand, are quite revealing in an altogether unexpected way, for apart from occasional flashes they are not especially funny. Perelman continues to go

through all the familiar motions, but something important is missing. "The only thing that matters," he once said, "is the end product, which must have *brio*." It is the conspicuous absence of *brio*, a quality which for so long gave tang and an oddly nasty bonhomie to Perelman's most lethal thrusts, that causes these pieces to fall flat. Even the titles ("To Yearn Is Subhuman, to Forestall Divine") seem to have hardened in a way which distinctly recalls the carping, sclerotic essays of James Thurber's later years; and, eventually, the reader begins to suspect that Perelman had simply ceased to find the world particularly amusing by the time he wrote these pieces.

Such a development will come as no surprise, since Perelman was never a good-humor man at any point in his long career. "His characters," Marilyn Stasio has written apropos of Perelman's play *The Beauty Part*, "are monsters—brilliantly funny cartoons, but travesties of human beings, nonetheless. . . . Perelman's satire allows his gargoyles no redeeming virtues other than the obvious one of being human—not even the virtue of innocence through stupidity."

Perelman had a portrait of Somerset Maugham on his office wall, and Noël Coward's final judgment on Maugham also seems to fit his distinguished American admirer: "He believed—rather proudly, I think—that he had no illusions about people, but in fact he had one major one and that was that they were no good. With all his brilliance and verbal clarity, he rarely drew a sympathetic character—probably, I suspect, because he quite genuinely believed that no such phenomenon existed." For a humorist, Perelman chose to wear a forbidding public mask—"soft-spoken and reserved, sometimes chilling," according to the *Paris Review*—and his later books, with titles like *The Rising Gorge*, *Baby, It's Cold Inside*, and *Vinegar Puss*, definitely gave the impression of a man who declined to suffer fools altogether.

That such a tough-minded point of view could lie back of such a popular body of work is due in large part to the coruscating, demented verbal byplay that so often concealed Perelman's essential cynicism. "In his pages," Perelman once said of his own celebrated style, "proliferate all the weird grammatical flora tabulated by H. W. Fowler in his *Modern English Usage*—the Elegant Variation, the Facetious Zeugma, the Cast-Iron Idiom, the Battered Ornament, the Bower-Bird's Phrase, the Sturdy Indefensible, the Side-Slip, and the Unequal Yokefellow."

His lapidary, Yiddish-studded prose was riddled with all these tricks and more, and they served to soften up his targets for the really rough stuff; at its best, Perelman's satirical technique is not unlike unleashing a horde of killer mosquitoes on a hapless victim, then mowing him down with a machine gun while his attention is diverted. In *The Last Laugh*, Perelman's diminished energy frequently causes this uneasily balanced, artificial style to lapse into tired preciosity; in his earlier work, though, the outré imagery and jolting enjambments of idiom glitter with a manic electricity no other humorist has ever rivaled. It was not for nothing that the other picture on Perelman's office wall was of James Joyce.

FORTUNATELY, *The Last Laugh* is not likely to be our final farewell to Old Vinegar Puss. A volume of letters, as Paul Theroux points out in his introduction, is bound to be assembled sooner or later, and it will be a treat; meanwhile, there are always the earlier essays, a surprising number of which have proved resistant to the inroads of time.

Surprising to us, perhaps, but not to Perelman, who knew his own worth. A remark he made to a pair of interviewers many years ago, couched in impeccable Perelmanese, is as good a summing-up as anything ever written about S. J. Perelman: "In this very large country, where size is all and where Thomas Wolfe outranks Robert Benchley, I am content to stitch away at my embroidery hoop. I think the form I work can have its own distinction, and I would like to surpass what I have done in it." □

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The Hotel New Hampshire
By John Irving
Dutton, 401 pp., $15.50

HAPPY ENDINGS

CHARLES NICOL

By now everyone should know that John Irving has followed the wildly popular *World According to Garp* with *The Hotel New Hampshire*. On radio, PBS even let Irving read excerpts as part of the "news." *Esquire* (again) brought out a review long before bookstores had copies to sell. *Time* did a delirious cover story a month before official publication, but by then the publisher was shipping. *Newsweek* waited another three weeks to take the opposite tack and give the book an absolute dead pan, but by this time even *The New York Times Book Review* had given it lead space. Well before publication, then, the tally was up: amid wildly mixed reviews, James Atlas in the *New York Times* and James Wolcott in *Esquire* had found the right tone of mild disfavor and cautious respect.

Success has neither spoiled nor improved Irving, though some have tried to make a case for the former. In truth, *Hotel New Hampshire* is the fifth in a reasonably straight line of Irving novels. While I do not want to dismiss this novel as a separate entity, I assume readers are more interested in Irving's general intentions than in his latest plot, so I'll leave that for later.

Irving's fans presumably delight in the recurrent furniture, the props that appear each time a new stage is lit: the old athletic coach, the visit to Vienna, the scruffy bears, the second-rate prep school, the motorcycle. The spouse-swapping of the last two novels is gone. Death, mutilation, and rape are frequent occurrences, though they are not quite as gruesome as in *Garp*; Irving seems to enjoy such grotesqueries, sometimes leading the reader to wonder whether his sense of the comic is rather off-key. Yet precisely this harmonizing of bizarre accidents with an authorial assurance that everything will come out all right is Irving's most distinctive music.

Why does Irving keep writing variations on such a small and idiosyncratic set of incidents? It is not merely because he has had some kind of experience with each event and his books are, as *Time*'s review title put it, "Life into Art." For Irving, such situations are givens, merely the tokens with which one can arrange a story; the plot is everything, and the plot is a set of virtuoso turns with no autobiographical relevance. In *The Water-Method Man* the central character's doctoral dissertation was supposed to be a translation from an obscure poem in Old Low Norse; to stay interested he would make up his own lines for a while, then go back to the original and translate some more. Reader interest counts more than accurate renderings of the initial experience.

ALL OF Irving's novels are celebrations of storytelling and the magic that remains when the story goes up a different set of stairs or out a different door. In most of the novels—especially in some of the finest scenes in *Garp*—children listen intently to their father's stories. Garp tells his son a story about a chained dog tormented continually by a cat until someone secretly lengthens the chain; when his wife asks about the truth behind the story, Garp keeps changing the ending, the significance, the events, even the characters; yet the story remains—in fact, to Garp's mind, even improves—since he finally arrives at a version which his wife believes is true. Truth in fiction has nothing to do with real autobiography but everything to do with believability.

All of Irving's previous novels are full of storytellers and their variant versions of believable fiction. *Hotel New Hampshire* rejects this plethora of tellers in favor of a straightforward narrative, choosing instead to catalogue its variations directly in the linear flow of sequential events: thus there are three different hotels named New Hampshire (in New Hampshire, in Vienna, and in Maine); there are two bears, but the second is a girl in a bear suit; two men die of heart attacks after sudden shocks (within a few pages of each other); two men are blinded at different times in Vienna; three women are rape victims; two characters are midgets; and at the end, after more than forty years, we are back at the location in Maine where this whole series of permutations began.

Of course this doubling and tripling of events merely replaces Irving's earlier procedure of embedding other stories within his novels, and performs the same function: it implies that any narrative is a choice between possibilities, that the reader's true pleasure lies in becoming aware of the storyteller's confident steering through the maze, and that the sheer unpredictability of the storyteller's decisions forces the reader to lie back and be entertained.

Entertaining this passive, receptive reader is Irving's ultimate goal. Two years ago he published an impassioned defense of his old teacher, Kurt Vonnegut, that seems to summarize his own credo. Vonnegut, he claimed, is especially good at the writer's most difficult and important task, "making a reader's job easy." The writer's other two goals are to entertain the reader and to upset him.

> You purge fear through evoking it, you purify pain by rendering it, you bathe the heart with tears. Vonnegut can hurt you, and he does; . . . his books make us wish we were better. That's a moral harshness Conrad and Dickens surely share with him; Dickens, by the way, was also an entertainer.

Dickens? Here we see Irving momentarily sliding into another article he was to write two months later, this time a defense of Dickens. According to Irving, we often condemn Dickens for sentimentality, failing to realize that this is merely another name for "his kindness, his generosity, his belief in our dignity." The defense becomes more pointed when Irving approves the change Dickens made in *Great Expectations* some years after its initial publication: an alternative final chapter that provided a happy ending. To the modern sensibility —or at least to the sensibility my college classmates and I shared twenty years ago—the happy ending seems tacked on, an affront to the sad and delightful comedy of the novel.

Irving, of course, has a great faith in happy endings; the long wind-down of *Garp* (the weakest part of the book) was a struggle to transform Garp's death into transcendence and assign everybody else a long and happy life. But I think Irving was also intrigued by the very fact that Dickens could change his ending: it nicely dramatized the capriciousness that he tries to build into his own novels. Unfortunately for

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Irving, capriciousness is not typical of Dickens and certainly not the secret of his genius.

The plot of *Hotel New Hampshire*? The wife and five children of a pleasant, ineffectual Harvard graduate help him realize his goal of creating a friendly hotel, a vision growing out of the charmed summer when the parents first met. There is much adversity, including rape, incest, homosexuality, blinding, suicide, and accidental death. Finally, after one of the children writes a novel and earns a great deal of money, the survivors live in bliss.

Is this too simple for you, dear reader? John Irving quoted with approval Santayana's defense of Dickens against readers who were "higher snobs": "they wanted a mincing art, and he gave them copious improvisation, they wanted analysis and development, and he gave them absolute comedy." At least Irving knows what he *wants* to do. □

Malthus
By William Petersen
Harvard, 302 pp., $17.50

THE MAN WHO LIKED CHILDREN

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

The Reverend Thomas Robert Malthus, if one were to judge from his historic caricature, was a hare-lipped and possibly hare-brained theorist who believed that most people, left to themselves, would breed like bunnies, and shouldn't be allowed to. As much the victim of his disciples as of his critics, the real Malthus was a humane late-eighteenth-century liberal whose view of population was rooted in reason and morality. He was inaccurate only where existing data or trends were misleading, and many of his most important observations, and their ethical basis, remain valid.

But what a mess the neo-Malthusian birth-control zealots who came after him have made of the Malthus legacy. Were he alive today, the worthy doctor would probably dismiss the efforts of most of the zero-population-growth advocates and abortion-on-demanders as misguided and degrading. "I should always particularly reprobate any artificial or unnatural modes of checking popula-

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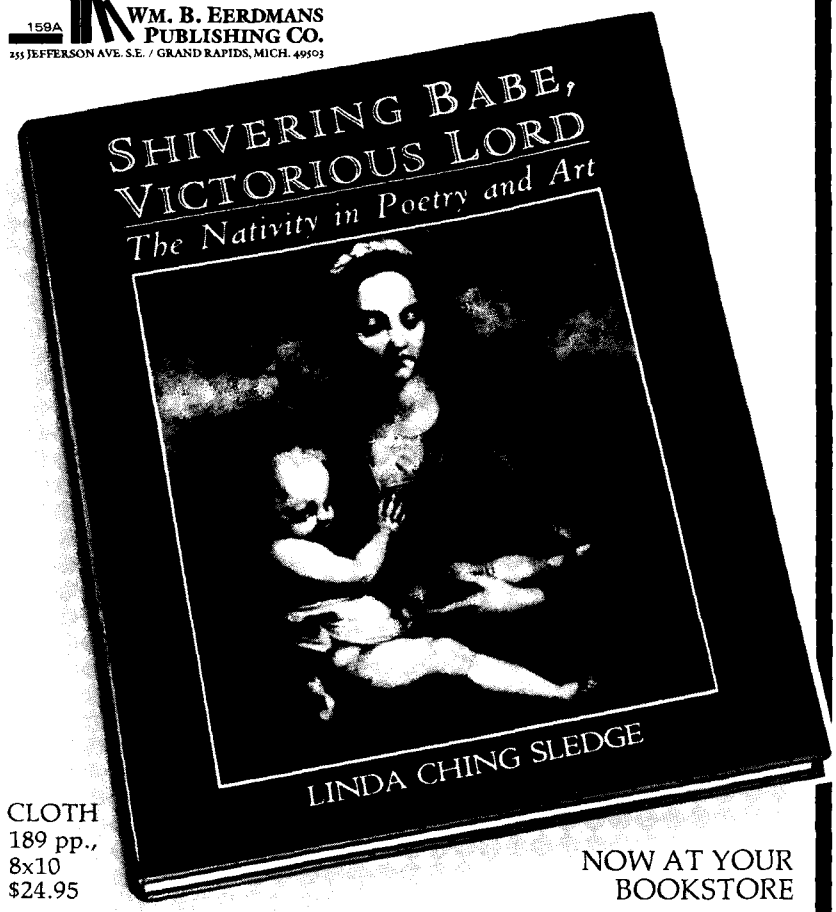

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tion," Malthus wrote rather presciently, "both on account of their immorality and their tendency to remove necessary stimulus to industry."

> If it were possible for each married couple to limit by a wish the number of their children, there is certainly reason to fear that the indolence of the human race would be very greatly increased, and that neither the population of individual countries nor of the whole earth would ever reach its natural or proper extent. But the restraints which I have recommended are quite of a different character. They are not only pointed out by reason and sanctioned by religion, but tend in the most marked manner to stimulate industry.

Malthus's "restraints"—incentives to voluntarily postpone marriage until couples had, through thrift and labor, accumulated the means to support and educate their children—were rooted in his belief in individual responsibility and a perhaps too blithe faith in the perfectibility of human nature. Professor William Petersen points out in this new book that Malthus's "suggestion that everyone exercise moral restraint, which to the denizens of our permissive age sounds wildly extravagant, was in fact an effort to bolster a [moral] system becoming moribund but far from dead. The trend in modern society has been to square the circle, to enjoy sexual relations and yet avoid conception . . ."

In Professor Petersen, Malthus has finally found a lucid, reasonable, and, above all, knowing modern interpreter who has provided what Robert Nisbet calls the "best exposition of Malthus to be found anywhere." High time; for a century and a half what most people thought of as Malthusian doctrine was the distortions of critics run amok or of disciples who bore as much resemblance to Malthus as the Reverend Jim Jones bore to the early Christian fathers. What is most impressive about the real Malthus is not his errors, which were inevitable given the limited knowledge of his times, but his considerable areas of accuracy. Where Malthus had sound information to go on, and where most of the basic social and economic motivations he weighed into his population equation still apply, history vindicates him. For the most part, throughout world history, population *has* borne "a regular proportion to the food that the earth is made to produce." As Professor Petersen writes:

> The general tendency is to breed up to the level of subsistence, and improvements in the supply of food means [*sic*] less that people eat better than that more people eat the same meager portions. . . . despite all the enormous progress in agricultural and associated techniques, there are millions more living in destitution and misery in the last quarter of the twentieth century than ever before. . . . Even in the first edition of his *Essay*, with its overemphasis on biological determinants of population growth, Malthus was not totally mistaken in his vision of the future.

What Malthus perceived in his own day remains true; most people are likely to have children on a scale that is immediately practical, desirable, or simply inconvenient to avoid, without giving much thought to distant consequences. Under certain conditions the immediate motivation may mesh with long-term prospects (e.g., a numerous progeny born into a prosperous, growing economy), but, too often, this is not the case —*vide* most of Africa, Latin America, and mainland Asia.

MALTHUS was a great believer in education. He was convinced that a moral, enlightened population would be more likely to moderate itself voluntarily, and he has been proved all too accurate on the score of education if not morals; it is precisely the advanced, productive societies and individuals who are most likely to limit their birth rates, whether for ethical or selfish reasons, and precisely the least productive, least educated societies and social elements that continue to lend credence to Malthus's worst fears. The same phenomenon applies both globally and within individual countries. The undeveloped nations, flooded with Western medical technology, have brought mortality under control "without initially affecting anything else except the rate of population growth." Globally, the consumers are breeding faster than the producers.

Similarly, according to the latest U.S. Census Bureau figures, American women who fail to finish high school have the highest birth rate, and those with five or more years of college have the lowest. The birth rate in America currently declines in direct proportion to increased income, with a 94.3 per 1,000 birth rate among women in families earning $5,000 or less per year, compared to 48.5 per 1,000 in families with $25,000 in annual income. Factors other than individual affluence and education also come into play, however; regional optimism or pessimism must at least partially explain the fact that, to cite two examples, the South and Southwest, America's two biggest economic growth areas, also boast the highest regional fertility rates. As a whole, however, America, as one of the world's most developed nations, is not even reproducing itself on a one-to-one basis—and this despite a recent modest upswing in fertility generally attributed to "delayed entry" (i.e., post-liberation women approaching their late thirties who belatedly opt to have children after spending their early adult years single or as childless working wives).

In their different ways, all of these patterns are the result of Malthusian laws, or at least basic motivations observed by Malthus and adapted to contemporary settings. The ignorant poor of today are breeding faster than their own ability to provide for their subsistence. It is the modern-day elite that, while not even reproducing its present numbers, is buying time by providing improved technology and government or private charity for millions of needy mouths. If global catastrophe does come, it will be less likely to take the form of universal famine than a rebellion of producers against consumers—a trend already visible within many developed nations, where middle- and upper-class voters have begun to stage taxpayers' rebellions against the welfare state.

ON THE positive side, earthly salvation, if there is such a thing, would also seem to lie along true Malthusian lines —education and the inculcation of a work ethic and sense of individual responsibility rather than mass state-sponsored abortion and ever more elaborate pills and inter-uterine devices. The latter will probably remain more a middle-class convenience than a mass panacea anyway, if the hostile reactions of peasant populations in most parts of the world (most recently in India) are any indication. It is only in nominally Third World communities with modern urban economies, such as Hong Kong and Taiwan, that longer life expectancy has not been attended by dangerous population explosions, precisely because the populations in question no longer are backward peasants and have become economically and socially middle-class in their outlook.

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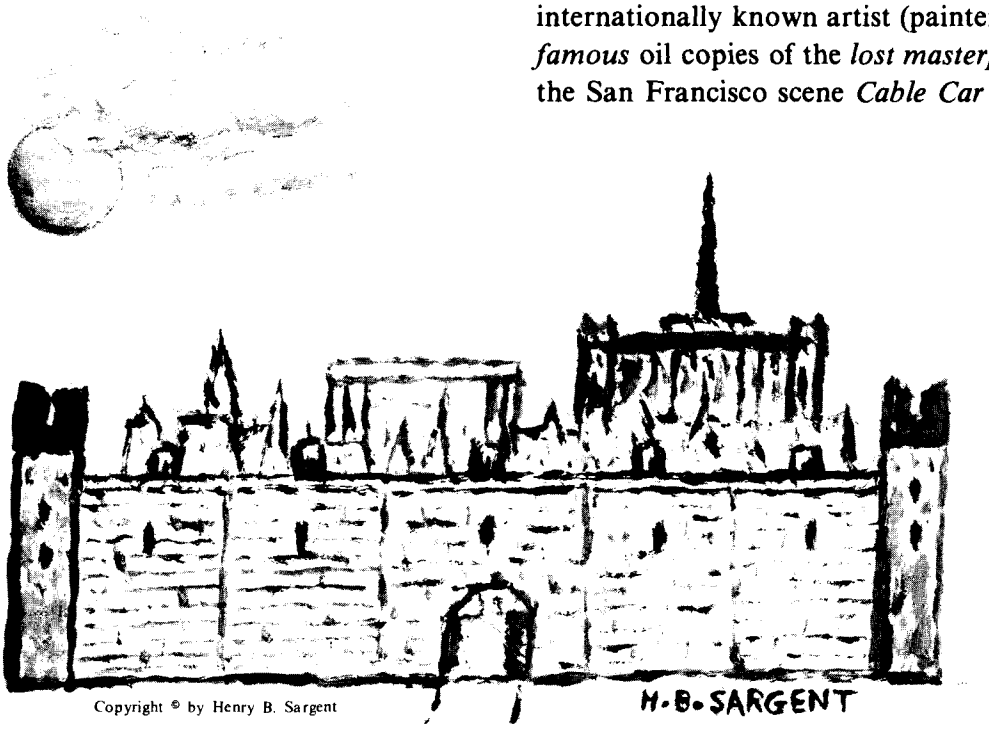

CARTHAGINIAN FOR A DAY, an historical romance by H. B. Sargent, is not alone a most timely work in that it interrelates the present historical hour and the distant past, but it is very likely the definitive work on that inscrutable *lost city*, Carthage.

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The good Doctor Malthus—a man who liked children, sired three himself, and believed that education and economic freedom would raise people to a higher level of responsibility and humane conduct—would probably be as pleased with this as he would be appalled by the rantings of irrational anti-lifers. As Professor Petersen so admirably sums it up,

> If anyone had polled the English population in 1798 on the number of children they desired . . . a substantial proportion would . . . have replied, "It is up to God." Malthus was attacked by conventional Christians because . . . he asserted, "No, it is up to you!" And . . . Malthus is attacked by modern liberals because, when they hold that it is up to the state to care for its subjects, he would have countered, "No, it is up to the people themselves!" To hold every person responsible for his behavior, denying him the escape of blaming either Providence or Society, is a moral rather than an empirical stance . . .

It is also a stance that has finally received its full scholarly due at the learned hands of Professor Petersen after too many years of grotesque distortion from Malthusian friends and foes alike. □

The GIMLET EYE

A FREE MARKET IN THE SKIN TRADE

D. KEITH MANO

When we left Dr. James J. Reardon last issue he had just siliconed four breasts and put a bent female nose to the grindstone. Now, at lunch, he is resecting excellent rack of lamb: gourmet post-operative care for himself. I wonder what he'd charge to carve a duck. Reardon's face is simple, sketchy: like those quick courtroom drawings they show on TV. There are upstart, large teeth: they pressure the lips and give him, well, a handsome but rather oral look. His glasses magnify coming and going: each pupil is goggled, discrete: sent under separate cover, so to speak. I notice the eye-bags beneath, which Reardon, sometime soon, will have cut and reduced by a colleague. He is young: forty. Brash as a port-wine stain. Reardon, you see, is one of those plastic surgeons who advertise.

"Some think we're preying on the public: bringing in people who don't really need the surgery. Or didn't even know they needed it until they saw something in the paper. It's obviously nonsense. Cosmetic surgery has been available for a long time. We're just making it known to the public."

"Cosmetic Surgery Center of New York," his ad says: "Look Beautiful and Feel Confident." The logo is cunning: a female face which, in silhouette, can look—Rorschach!—like three duffel-bag breasts. The text will emphasize same-day service: as if your head were some soup-spotted seersucker jacket. Reardon—who, to my knowledge, is the one plastic surgeon using his own name in PR—does everything except breast reduction and body contour work on an outpatient basis. This might be significant: the lower middle class can now afford to put bold faces on. Reardon may charge an arm and a leg for a nose, but there will be no hospital-room cost. Blue Cross people, see, don't approve of vanity medicine: to them your flat chest is a pre-pre-existing condition. The IRS, however, "doesn't differentiate cosmetic surgery from any other type of surgery." Hair transplants and tummy tucking are tax-deductible. Do your nose, ear, eyelid, breast, stomach, and you can declare your own body as a dependent next April. Naked we came into the world: filled with silicone we'll go out of it.

"Someone wants to be a double D—I say, you know, find another doctor, I don't make Dolly Partons. It's not the comedy of the absurd. I deal with reasonable people, with reasonable expectations." In other words: people who don't take the ad copy—"Look Beautiful"—quite to heart. "Most are middle-class. It's a big investment to put out a couple thousand dollars—and to be disappointed after you've paid all that money can be the beginning of a legal action." Faces are subjective, after all: your pug nose may be my malpractice suit. "You can't worry about it. If you did, you couldn't pick up the knife in the morning. I'd say 90 per cent are satisfied. The 10 per cent who aren't—if there's something that can be redone, we'll do it."

And, in that 100 per cent, at least 30 will be male. Men represent an unexplored dark continent full of patients. Reardon has taken sail to this new flesh market with trinket and bead. He is publishing a thorough popular textbook called *Plastic Surgery for Men* (Everest House, $14.95). "Men may not talk about it too much. And they're probably more concerned about concealing scars than women because of the way they wear their hair. But I think the stigma of being ashamed is gone. For men eyes are most popular: then noses and then an increasing number of facelifts." Next year, they estimate, 1.5 million people in America will have cosmetic surgery. On the sixth day God created Adam. And, on the seventh, Adam got himself a nose job.

I find Reardon's drive and his genial avarice to be charming. He is the eldest of eight very motivated children. "I have an appetite for things I wasn't born with. Advertising isn't inexpensive. It's probably between five and eight thousand dollars a month. But it has taken the practice and thrown it into the next bracket. And it gives me something to do. I'm not a great intellectual. I like to raise orchids, cut the grass, and cross-pollinate rhododendrons—I've got to keep myself busy. Maybe I'm escaping from something, I don't know. But I enjoy what I'm doing. It's a great field. Tissue transplants: you can take a pancake of tissue from the groin and put it on the face of somebody who had a big cancer. Fabulous. You really feel you're doing something for someone."

But, more than that, Reardon is a performer. He wants an audience response. His operating room is, in the true sense, an operating theater. That's why I—and others—have been allowed to observe. "I'm unique in being probably one of the fastest people around. My associate takes three hours to do a

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

NO QUESTION about it, the intellectual counter-reformation has begun where the issue of growth *versus* no-growth is concerned. For at least a decade and a half the no-growthers have had things pretty much their way, at least in the public prints. Now they find their position under attack, even by liberals. The other day, for example, a book outlining a liberal defense of economic growth crossed my desk. It argued—of course—that the state, not the marketplace, should be the arbiter of such growth, but then the fastest readers are not necessarily the fastest learners. If it is unreasonable for liberals to expect President Reagan to rebuild the economy overnight, it is unreasonable for free-market advocates to expect discredited socialists to recant after only nine months' tutelage in the principles of the free economy. After all, they were never introduced to them in college.

The Ultimate Resource (Princeton, $14.50), by Julian L. Simon, is perhaps the most sophisticated book I have read stating the counter-reformation's position. When Simon began his researches, his ideas on the subjects of growth, overpopulation, and depletion of resources were pretty much the standard boilerplate of the age, and of his milieu. Human beings were selfishly and stupidly overpopulating the globe; using up precious resources; destroying arable land; poisoning God's green earth; killing wildlife; driving themselves nuts through the sheer wacky density of their numbers.

Nevertheless, as Simon progressed with his studies, he found his conclusions leading him to a different scenario. Though it was true that throughout human history economic and population growth had produced short-term dislocations in society, the long-term effects could be shown to be beneficial: resources became not less but *more* available; costs grew *less* cumbrous, not more so. The "facts," Simon discovered, had nothing in common with the "conditions" that "everybody" had been made acquainted with by the popular press, concerned academicians, and the politicians. Today, energy sources are accumulating, pollution in the U.S. is decreasing; every year there is *more* arable land in the world, and *more* food is being produced; population increase confers benefits that vastly outweigh the problems it causes.

Behind these heresies lies the insight that George Gilder made famous: what Simon calls "the ultimate resource." That is to say, people. People are humanity's own greatest resource: their ingenuity, their inquisitiveness, their energy. Without human intelligence, oil is liquid dirt that seeps to the surface of the ground making tar pools to drown mastodons in. As long as there are people, there will always be resources. And the more people there are, the more "solutions" there will be to what the doomsayers insist are insoluble problems.

HIS ARGUMENTS have a great deal of plausibility, both practical and moral. Simon is justifiably harsh in his treatment of the no-growth lobby. But a reservation does keep intruding itself; one that Simon—and other writers of his persuasion—never seek to answer.

That reservation is, simply stated, that the saving ingenuity and intelligence they celebrate is postulated upon human activity in a free, and free-market, society. Of course, they are assuming that if their arguments on behalf of growth prevail over those arguments opposed to it, free-market ideas will simultaneously prevail over socialistic ones. And yet that assumption cannot be made: the world seems more and more profoundly antagonistic to freedom, especially economic freedom. Remember that there has never been a successful socialist economy in the history of the world. Then imagine a rapacious population exploding outward from that intellectually and technologically stagnant base, and you have a prescription for disaster that no movie mogul will ever have written into a script. □

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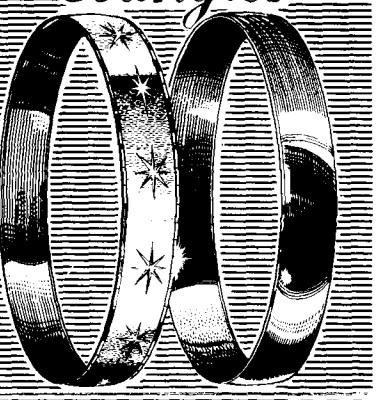

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Advertising, I daresay, is more than a legitimate economic stratagem. Professionals—lawyer, doctor, dentist—would prefer to be admired for their dexterity and panache. Profit per remade head won't suffice: high operating costs have given the surgeon less positive social image-value than an Armenian rug salesman has. Why shouldn't there be applause after surgery? Even a trash sport competition: the national appendectomy speed sprint maybe? Mick Jagger can earn more with less training and is never sued for malpractice after. Doctors and lawyers want stardom now: and your love. There is much art and some risk in a root canal or a murder defense or a facelift. But groupies do not climb Mount Sinai. And no medical autograph has street worth unless appended to a fifty Seconal prescription. These are craftsmen: they need celebration. You can understand that. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ORIGINS OF HISTORY, *by Herbert Butterfield (Basic Books, 230 pp., $20.95).* In this, his last work, Sir Herbert Butterfield takes up the beginning of a story whose end he had covered in *Man on His Past*, the evolution of the idea of history. He begins in Egypt and Assyria, where men first commemorated military accomplishments, made lists of assorted events, and, finally, looked for the hand of God therein. Next, he looks at the Hebrews, who originated what we may today call history, the practice of recording and studying events with an eye to their sense, history providing for them the very terms of their Covenant with a jealous God. The Greeks, though by nature ahistorical, first examined events scientifically. And the Christians applied the Greek legacy of reason to the Jewish one of the Promise, to develop the idea of God's Divine Plan. It was at last the "lapsed Christians" of the eighteenth century who "took God out of the picture," while leaving intact the idea of process that is so widely accepted today. Butterfield's death in 1979 deprived him of the opportunity to include Islam in this survey as he had intended (though two rather anomalous sections on Chinese history do appear), and what is published here are really only his notes, compiled by his friend Adam Watson. Consequently, the work suffers from convoluted writing and a general deficiency of form. Still, what emerges is at times inspired. Butterfield's bequest to us is a useful survey of an immense subject. MICHAEL MOYNIHAN

ARSHILE GORKY: *The Implication of Symbols, by Harry Rand (Allanheld & Schram, 246 pp., $40).* Professor Rand's thesis—pursued with indefatigable scholarship, insight, and grace—is that Gorky's mature painting (1938-48) is not abstract, as has been generally believed, but, "in the broadest sense, representational." As a refugee from the Turkish holocaust in Armenia during World War I, the artist composed his first pictures out of childhood memories and old photographs to capture the atmosphere of serenity and familial devotion that preceded the disastrous uprooting. In the second phase Gorky assimilated the dominant modernist styles, Cubism and Surrealism, into his continuing effort to recapture his childhood. Already a master of dissimulation (his invented name and the titles of some

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Contents

Editors:
Patrick J. Garrity, Director of Research
Public Research, Syndicated
Harold W. Rood, Professor of International Relations
Claremont Men's College

"The distinction between politics and strategy diminishes as the point of view is raised. At the summit, true politics and strategy are one."
—Winston S. Churchill, The World Crisis

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of his pictures were intended to create for the public a more fashionable Russian background; his love-letters were lifted word for word from the published correspondence of Gaudier-Brzeska), Gorky's obsession with painting in a language of secret signs came naturally. It was in the last decade of his tormented life (he committed suicide in 1948) that he produced the paintings on which his stature as the last of the Surrealists or the first of the Abstract Expressionists is founded. The wholly personal subject matter is still present but much harder to find. "One would not," says Professor Rand, "have expected his goal of an apparently non-objective expression founded on precise content to be realized so quickly." The assumptions on which this work of staggering scholarship are based are unstated because the author is firmly in the mainstream of modernist criticism. The biggest assumption is that personal imagery is the stuff out of which major art can be made. The *moral* imperative of art, that passion to present a critique of Man in all his nobility and degradation which informs the work of all the great artists from Rembrandt and Grünewald to Goya and Orozco, is nowhere to be found in Gorky, his modernist peers, or their critics.

SELDEN RODMAN

TWELVE YEARS: *An American Boyhood in East Germany, by Joel Agee (Farrar, 324 pp., $15.95).* From 1948 until 1960, Joel Agee lived with his brother, mother, and stepfather in East Germany, and this is the story of that boyhood. There is nothing particularly remarkable about it. The author, son of the American writer James Agee, seems to have survived a typical boyhood, for a literary man, full of the usual misunderstandings, sexual awakening, longings, schoolboy wit, and bad philosophy. Of course, not everyone has grown up in East Germany, been raised to be a good Communist, had his political consciousness heightened by a stepfather who was an author and well respected in the Party. Not only that, but Joel Agee, now a writer and *Harper's* fiction editor, knows how to tell the story well. Considering the circumstances, it comes as something of a surprise to find the essentials of the story so exactly familiar, which probably points up something profound, although it seems better to let it go at: Boys will be boys. It is no easy time in general, and it was no easy time for young Agee, detached from his boyhood by being an American in a foreign land. He seems to have done badly in school, which naturally takes up most of his book. But, as Martin Levin wrote in the introduction to *Five Boyhoods* (1962), "Perhaps the keynote of the formative years, after all, is a resistance to being formed." *Twelve Years* is very good of its kind.

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Tutt and Mr. Tutt

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a wprd edgewise *from* An Old Liberal Cold Warrior

JOHN P. ROCHE

A GRIM ANNIVERSARY

Boston, Oct. 27—Twenty-five years ago Soviet tanks surrounding Budapest moved into battle to destroy the reformist Hungarian Communist regime of Imre Nagy. A quarter of a century later there are some serious parallels in Poland, the most significant being the latest purge of the Party and government leadership. By October 1956, the Soviets in Hungary were down to one man: Janos Kadar. In Poland their last hope is General Wojciech Jaruzelski.

Moscow has its own stylized drill in matters of Soviet intervention. Since by definition the Soviet Union never engages in "imperialist actions," it must always be invited to come to the rescue of beleaguered "spokesmen for the proletariat." Lenin crafted the original ballet in connection with Poland; Soviet forces moved on Warsaw in 1920 not in retaliation for the Polish effort to annex the Ukraine, but in response to a request from the "Polish Soviet."

This fictitious body, composed of Bolsheviks of Polish origins, vanished when the Red Army was stopped and negotiations began. Similarly in November 1939, Stalin sent the army into Finland at the request of the "legitimate" Finnish government, a group of exiles who were taken out of cold-storage for the occasion. This outfit also vanished from history when Stalin discovered he had to do business with real Finns.

In short, even the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia featured a dummy "legitimate" government calling on Brezhnev for aid, but it was such a transparent joke that its half-life was about two days. The thing to remember is that the Russians tend to be extremely tidy about such matters. They have spent over a year now looking for a reliable Pole and presumably Red Army veteran Jaruzelski fills the specifications.

On the surface, the situation seems to differ from Hungary in 1956. There you had Kadar as Communist Party leader and Nagy as Premier and leader of the anti-Soviet mass movement. However, if you substitute "Solidarity," which is the real incarnation of Poland, for Nagy, the picture comes into focus.

The source of conflict is also the same: as Paul Kecskemeti put it in his brilliant *The Unexpected Revolution*: "Combative impulses resulted, generally speaking, from a combination of two factors, namely bitterness and frustration on the one hand, and a feeling of strength on the other.

"Hungarian revolutionary behavior," he continued, "was not a sudden desperate reaction to intolerable pressure and deprivation. It was rather a delayed reaction to all the negative experiences of the past, a reaction released when elements of weakness appeared in the image of the regime and elements of strength bulked larger in one's own self-image."

Could one find an apter description of the Polish scene? There is, of course, one overarching difference between 1981 and 1956: unlike the Hungarians, the Poles have no illusions about Western aid. It is impossible to convey in words the existential anguish felt by those of us who favored action in 1956 as the government of the United States did a disappearing act.

It was an insane fortnight: Eisenhower was walking away from Adlai Stevenson in the closing days of the presidential election, the British-French-Israeli expedition to Suez was providing background music, and on the tube were Soviet tanks rolling through Budapest. I'll be haunted to my dying day by the hollow sound of rocks bouncing off those tanks. The only political highlight was an enraged denunciation by President Eisenhower—of the Suez invasion.

AMERICAN intervention might have made a difference. Not sending bombers or troops, but leading a vigorous demand for a United Nations presence in Budapest, a recognition of Hungarian independence, and a call for the neutralization of Hungary on the 1955 Austrian model. Khrushchev was not yet secure but Ike and John Foster Dulles remained inert.

The Poles, who are among history's ultimate realists, expect nothing. "Solidarity" has gone to considerable lengths to avoid the 1956 Hungarian "provocations," the hanging of secret policemen on lampposts, the repudiation of the Warsaw Pact, the end of one-party dictatorship. The question is, Can Moscow tolerate the existence of an independent Polish power-center on any terms? And paradoxically, the more disciplined "Solidarity" becomes, the more dangerous is its potential.

The Soviet Politburo is cautious, but the shakedown of the Polish Communist leadership to one general, and his deployment of troops to cope with "provocations," suggest we are approaching D-day. If so, Afghanistan will look like a picnic. □

THE NUCLEAR DEAD-END

Boston, Oct. 21—If you simply read the exchange between President Reagan and Soviet boss Leonid Brezhnev on nuclear war, you might get the impression our man is an incoherent illiterate. The *New York Times* did a lovely job of simulating symmetry: "Following are a question asked of President Reagan at a meeting . . . and his answer . . . and a question asked of Leonid I. Brezhnev . . . and his answer."

One problem, friends: Reagan was talking to newspaper editors off the cuff; Brezhnev's views were in written form, doubtless vetted by a platoon of Agitprop experts.

If you have ever had the appalling misfortune of reading the actual text of your own extemporaneous remarks, you will appreciate the fact that few speak in cultivated paragraphs. In the 1950s we used to poke fun at President Eisenhower's syntax in press conferences, but that was before I landed up in the cross-hairs. I refused to believe the transcript of my first official press conference on my views of the situation in Vietnam—until I heard the tape.

To return to Ronald Reagan, the President was asked a long, convoluted question which came down to this: Did he believe there could be a fire-break between a tactical nuclear exchange in Europe and a strategic, intercontinental exchange?

He began by expressing hope that a ballistic-missile defense system would make the question irrelevant, noted that in the meantime strategic balance could inhibit the expansion of a tactical nuclear war, and ended by stating that, "unlike us," the Soviets believe a nuclear war is winnable.

Admittedly this is not the way he said it: he wandered around, shifted gears, and

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hedged his comments with the frank statement, "I don't honestly know." It was ungrammatical, but clear enough, and, most significantly, it in no way deviated from the positions of previous Administrations.

In contrast, *Pravda* threw Lennie the fat pitch, asking him how he reacted to Reagan's attempt to justify his outrageous military build-up. Brezhnev replied in eight well-polished paragraphs that the Soviet Union led all peace-lovers in its efforts to eliminate the possibility of nuclear war. He did not dwell on the six new missile systems deployed by the USSR since SALT I, or the one SS-20 per week currently being turned out.

Meanwhile, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger was attending a meeting of NATO defense ministers in Scotland, where the reaction to the President's comment was, to say the least, frenetic. The two fundamental European charges against the Americans are that 1) we are likely to leave them with a private nuclear war, and are contributing to this possibility by 2) not negotiating the issues of strategic and tactical weapons with Moscow.

Moscow would love to negotiate because, among other things, they can go on turning out nukes like aspirin while the Europeans, and some Americans, would see the negotiating process as the perfect excuse for doing nothing. And the terrible thing about going to the table is we have the wrong color chips: Moscow has the blues in those 175 SS-20s with their three MIRVs each.

If a logician was given the current balance of forces and asked to formulate a Western bargaining position, he would emerge with: "If the Soviets dismantle their SS-20s, we will agree not to deploy Pershing IIs or cruise missiles." This has all the beauty of logical symmetry, but would generate the laugh of the century. So what can Paul Nitze say to his Soviet counterpart when they gather to "negotiate" theater nuclear matters?

Which question brings us back once again to President Reagan's observations to the newspaper editors. Perhaps because I have long advocated the policy, I found Reagan ambiguously suggesting we should stop playing with old cards and change the deck. In a section of his remarks largely ignored, he observed there has never yet been a weapon that didn't engender, sooner or later, effective countermeasures.

In this context, he obviously has ballistic-missile defense (BMD) well up on his agenda, where it should be. Some of us have argued for years that BMD merits a major crash-program in our area of incredible achievement: high technology. Building bigger missiles is child's play; making them impotent should be our goal.

My hunch that we are on that track is fortified by the fact that it would make sense out of the Reagan Administration's mode of deploying the MX in hardened silos; with a good "point" anti-missile system, they would be invulnerable to a first-strike. BMD, in short, would provide us with the negotiating leverage we now lack. □

A UN OFFENSIVE

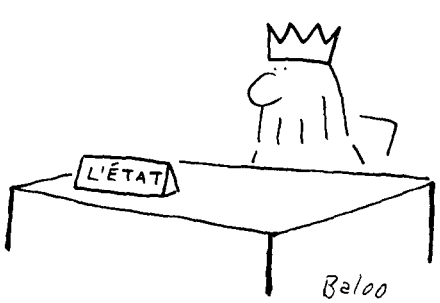
Boston, Oct. 19—"The United Nations General Assembly hereby recognizes 'Solidarity' as the sole legitimate representative of the Polish people." Wouldn't this be a splendid resolution? It could be followed by one recognizing the Afghan Freedom Fighters as the sole spokesmen for the Afghan people, and, once that is passed, several more can easily be provided.

This is not an effort to be cute, but a suggestion that the United States and its friends stop treating the United Nations as a serious forum and utilize it, as do the Soviets and their friends, as an ideological theater. We could have a field day: consider the impact on world opinion of a generous Israeli offer to recognize the PLO as the legitimate government of Jordan.

This is not unrealistic: if the UN can consider the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO) the legitimate rulers of Namibia without a headcount, the Israelis could offer Jordan to Yasir Arafat without conscience pangs. Palestinians do make up about three-quarters of the population of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

Or take the United Nations' handling of Puerto Rico, which falls in the venue, for some odd reason, of its committee dealing with imperialist residues. A week or two ago we got the blast again for holding our Puerto Rican citizens in bondage, even though the Castro-sponsored Independence Party on the island can't get even its relatives to vote for its demands.

Yet since the outset we have solemnly gone along with the patent fiction that the United Nations was a serious enterprise, not a choice arena for political warfare. In fact the only time we did a number on the Russians was in the Fifties when Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge revealed the bug in the eagle. When we built our new embassy in Moscow the Soviets had thoughtfully included snooping devices.



Opportunity after opportunity has been missed—each perhaps in itself trivial but in aggregation not without impact. For example, the Republic of South Africa—of which more later—nominated the "Bantustan" of Transkei for UN membership. The independence of Transkei from Pretoria is notional, and the application was rejected.

Among those "nations" voting for rejection, however, were the independent Republic of the Ukraine and the independent Republic of Byelorussia, components of the USSR that were, to appease Stalin, granted initial UN membership. Wouldn't it have been worth someone's time to ask why the Ukraine and Byelorussia did not vote for their clone, the Transkei?

Probably the most egregious caper was the barring of South Africa from the recent Special Session of the General Assembly on Namibia, which has been controlled by South Africa since it was taken from Germany after World War I. Again, the merits of South Africa's case are irrelevant except to note that its claim to South West Africa is as strong as the Soviet Union's to Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia.

THE IRONY OF this vote, based on the premise that the white South African delegates were not the legitimate spokesmen for the people in that country, lies in the fact that probably 80 per cent of the claque claim the PLO should be involved in all discussions of issues arising from the old British Palestine mandate! We should have yelled "Foul!" and boycotted this farce at the top of our lungs and walked out.

Alas, it seems we must behave like caricatures of diplomats. In 1967 this was brought home to me when I went to the UN to give a press briefing on our objectives in Vietnam. The room was packed with hostiles who started working me over, operating on the assumption that everyone knew the United States was engaged in an imperialist, obscene war.

I thought we were fighting an unselfish war to prevent the Asian Auschwitz that has since engulfed Indochina and said so with some vigor. "You mean," said a Hungarian, "that you do not accept the Vietnam War as a civil war? As an internal Vietnamese matter?" "I'm sure," I replied, "the TASS correspondent can straighten you out on that: the USSR in the Fifties recommended the admission of North and South Vietnam to the UN. Would Moscow recommend a non-nation?" Next day the State Department was on my back for being "abrasive"! □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

What Reagan 'Could See'

On The Right

New York, Oct. 30—In 1966 I wrote, "It may in fact be that to bring up a particular subject before a particular audience results in a dialectic whose meaning is a function of time and place." I was talking about Goldwater and the use of atom bombs in Indochina. The current example of that kind of problem is Ronald Reagan, who said casually that he "could see" a limited nuclear exchange in Europe.

Goldwater's experience continues to be wonderfully instructive. At a press conference, early in his campaign for the Presidency in 1964, a reporter asked what might be done in South Vietnam about the Communists' supply lines, which were moving under cover of the forests and the jungles. Goldwater had answered: "There have been several suggestions made. *I don't think we would use any of them.* But the defoliation of the forest by low-yield atomic weapons could well be done. When you remove the foliage, you remove the cover."

Leading American newspapers featured this, much as some European newspapers ("NO EUROSHIMA!") featured the calm remarks of President Reagan. From the simple, declarative four sentences above, we got:

From the *New York Herald Tribune*: "GOLDWATER'S NUCLEAR PLAN TO WIN VIET."

From the *New York Times*: "GOLDWATER URGES NEW VIETNAM AID; WOULD USE ATOMIC WEAPONS TO CLEAR RED SUPPLY LINES."

From the *Washington Post*: "A-ATTACK ON THE VIET JUNGLE PROPOSED BY GOLDWATER."

And (the best of the lot) the *Chicago Tribune*: "GOLDWATER PROPOSES ATOMIC FIGHT IN ASIA."

Now the exact words used by Reagan were as follows: "I could see where you could have the exchange of tactical weapons against troops in the field without it bringing either one of the major powers to pushing the button."

It isn't easy to fault the logic of this analysis, so that what one comes upon, really, is superstition. I.e., certain words, never mind that they describe a factual situation, ought not to be used, even as when one would not say of one's wife that she was homely, even if it were so.

The military situation in Europe has, as of the moment, a number of givens, and these flow, one to another, as inexorably as a soritical proposition. These are:

1) The Soviet Union has more powerful tactical strength in Central Europe than does NATO.

2) In the event the Soviet Union were to strike westward, NATO would face two alternatives. These are:

a) To retreat, and ultimately to surrender.

b) To resist.

3) 2a above is rejected by the very existence of NATO, which is pledged to resist aggression, and by the underlying commitment of the people of Europe not to yield their freedom, won at so high a cost in two world wars in this century. Accordingly, given the tactical inferiority of its defenses, Europe would need to stop the Soviet juggernaut by the use of theater nuclear weapons.

4) In such a situation, it is clearly desirable that a military confrontation designed merely to preserve a single frontier in Central Europe should not evolve into an exchange of nuclear missiles resulting in the elimination of the United States and the Soviet Union, plus also, in all probability, that much of Europe as lies west of the battle-line.

Now what is defective, or provocative, in such an analysis? If we bother to have Minuteman missiles and nuclear submarines, isn't the latent premise that we might use them? Shhh. Obviously the *purpose* of having them is to *avoid* having to use them, but insofar as you subsidize the notion that it is unthinkable to use them, you undermine their deterrent force.

Goldwater would probably have done well to use the words "atomic weapons" in no other context than, "I, Barry Goldwater, hate atomic weapons." He had too great a respect for the putative maturity of democratic discourse to go in that way. It is curious that Reagan's critics would have him act like a novitiate in a society pledged to live out of this world. □

THE LONG MARCH

Lima, Oct. 23—It is not widely known in America the damage done in Peru by the General. If one were a suspicious sort, one might conclude that because General Velasco was a left-winger, indeed a self-designated Marxist, who regularly spoke about a) human poverty, b) the depredations of business, and c) the need to redistribute wealth, he enjoyed a presumptively favorable press notwithstanding that he came to power by a military coup. But between 1968, when he ousted President Belaunde Terry, and 1975, when he was himself ousted by a caretaker general—who restored democracy in 1980—Velasco did as much as any single man could do to make more acute the plight of the poor in Peru, while simultaneously doing such damage as he could to the entrepreneurial class. Everyone in America knows about Chile, and about Allende, and Pinochet. Very few are aware of the consequences, for Peru, of 12 years of socialism.

THE ROAD back from rampant socialism isn't easy. "The day I was sworn in," President Belaunde recalls, surveying one of the state rooms in his resplendent palace, "I told them [i.e., the legislative and judicial leaders] that I would not spend one night in the palace until the press were free." General Velasco had, little by little, destroyed the free press, and nationalized television. "And they said to me, Mr. President, how is it possible to free the press overnight? There is the matter of all the outstanding contracts, the question of compensation—" But Dr. Belaunde, who had spent the years of his exile teaching in America, as an architect and urban planner and consultant, held to his determination. He smiled: "Finally, of course, they came up with a solution. Under General Velasco, a law had been passed permitting the president to name the directors of the companies that published the news and ran the radio and television stations. They hadn't yet got around to repealing this law. So? I fired all the directors, and appointed fresh directors: the people from whom the newspapers and broadcasting companies had been stolen. And," he gazed about the huge rococo palace with its Italian marble floors, "I slept here that night. Though the architecture of this place is not exactly to my taste. In Washington, I had an apartment the whole of which was smaller than the dining room we ate in."

President Belaunde, at 69, has been around a long time in Peruvian politics;

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he was elected president in 1963. His rhetoric tends to populism, but his economic program, in the hands of his Prime Minister Manuel Ulloa, recognizes that the prodigalities of Velasco need to be atoned for. Ulloa, a man of vast connections who spent his exile as a businessman in Spain, points out that when the General first took power, Peru's inflation was minimal, and the foreign debt less than $1 billion. "When we took over again, the inflation was at 80 per cent, and the foreign debt $10 billion. Half of our revenues go to paying interest on that debt and to maintaining the military. And damned if we can find out where the $10 billion went." Economic recovery is under way, but has a great deal of traveling to do. Inflation is reduced this year to about 60 per cent, and it is hoped next year to reduce it to 45 per cent. Meanwhile, to keep the little merchants from going crazy, prices are commonly posted in U.S. dollars. So that when your bill comes in at the end of lunch, you multiply the dollars by that day's exchange rate. When these words were written, it was 468 *soles* per dollar. When these words are published it may well be 469 to the dollar.

The general who kicked out the Marxist but took his own time before restoring democracy is General Morales Bermudez. General Morales said an odd thing last week, which caused a little apprehension in Peru. He hopes himself to run for president in 1985, and in discussing the subject rather casually he added, "unless there is a military coup by then."

General Morales is not himself situated to execute such a coup, because retired generals in Peru, like retired Mexican presidents, are powerless. But the mere mention of the possibility sets the teeth on edge. It must be understood by Americans (but isn't) that a military coup in Latin America is something that quite regularly happens. Moreover, it is not always unwelcome. Dr. Belaunde received a smashing popular mandate, winning 47 per cent of the vote in a field of thirty candidates, and swamping the candidate with the next highest figure. He controls the assembly and, with the help of a coalition party, the senate. But even so, he is institutionally insecure because democracy is insecure.

THE BRIGHT editor of Peru's leading newsweekly, *Caretas*, is apprehensive about President Reagan's human-rights policy on the grounds that Reagan's refusal to boycott undemocratic countries could yet prove to be critical for Peruvian democracy. He does not recognize that anything so fragile as to require approval by an American President in order to survive is in organic poor health. But this time around, the thinking is, if a man on horseback is called in he will not be a Marxist ideologue, but rather someone on the order of Pinochet. God spare them the one-party alternative, but God will have to devote considerable attention to all this, because Peruvians need help. Meanwhile, in Fernando Belaunde Terry, they are singularly blessed. □

THE NIGHTMARE OF NORMAN LEAR

New York, Oct. 21—Norman Lear, the television producer, has sent out a letter "more important," he said, than any he would likely send out if he were to live a thousand years, and this may not be an exaggeration. The purpose of that letter is to raise money for something called People for the American Way. This tax-deductible organization is devoted to sending communications to the American public seeking to undo the terrible mischief being done by the "highly visible" religious figures who have been so vocal in recent months. "The danger of the Religious New Right is not that they are speaking out on political issues, which is their right, if not their obligation; it is the way they attack the integrity and character of anyone who does not stand with them."

One reads on quickly to find examples set by old practices. "Accusations such as 'he voted for the Department of Education' contributed to the defeat of these legislators"—Mr. Lear cites the defeat of John Culver, Birch Bayh, Frank Church, and George McGovern, among others. "If that sounds specious," Lear goes on, "listen to Richard Zone, head of Christian Voice, who said, 'We can talk about a balanced budget as a moral issue because the Bible says "you should not live in debt."'" And so on: Mr. Lear's organization is devoted to our "pluralistic society" and opposed to the current threat to "the very essence of individuality."

It is all, really, quite confusing. For instance, do we understand that it is a threat to the democratic way of life to say about a candidate that he voted *for* the Department of Education? A moderately resourceful citizen could come up with a hundred reasons for voting against John Culver, Birch Bayh, Frank Church, and George McGovern, and only one of these would be that they gave us the Department of Education. But why is the mere mention of that vote an attack on our pluralistic society?

Mr. Lear made no mention of the National Education Association. This, probably the most powerful lobby in the United States, systematically set out to defeat everyone in Congress who had voted *against* the Department of Education. And inasmuch as this is an organization of teachers, from whom presumably we non-teachers have much to learn, why isn't the NEA an object of Mr. Lear's concern, alongside Richard Zone, whoever he is?

And the business about the Bible saying, "You should not live in debt." Well, I am unfamiliar with the passage, and in respect of that particular injunction I am a hopeless sinner—but why should we be angry at its being brought up? The Bible concerns itself with a great many things, and it is not difficult to understand that there is a moral dimension to the matter of a society living beyond its means. A society that goes into debt is engaged in a transfer of income, from those who owe the debt (the whole of American society) to those to whom the debt is owed (a few). That practice of imposing the burden on others one can find, without difficulty, broad strictures against in the Bible. Indeed, one of the Ten Commandments enjoins against coveting one's neighbor's goods. Should that Commandment guide Americans who seek to live according to the word of the Lord? It is one thing for a pluralistic society to tolerate those who scoff at the Ten Commandments. But I see no commitment, in pluralism, to think less of the Commandments because they are regularly abused. And nothing in the Bill of Rights can prevent an individual from voting against those who scoff at the Commandments, right?

NORMAN LEAR, of course, is the man who gave us Archie Bunker. It is, I think, the only television program I ever tried to make a point of viewing, so funny was it. But, of course, it was a parody. Archie Bunker, the political conservative, is stupid, cowardly, avaricious, illiterate, and overbearing. His son-in-law, a political liberal, is bright, brave, generous, literate, and concerned. No conservative hero goes untarnished in *All in the Family*, no conservative tenets unscorned. Young liberals live openly with girls before they are married. They scorn the religious ceremony —Lear seeks, in a word, to shove off all those superstitions that trace to the Old, or the New, Testament. Because you see, they are a laughing matter. Like religion.

Mr. Lear was very active in 1980 in the presidential primaries, seeking to give Jerry Brown to the Republic as its President. Instead, the country elected Ronald Reagan and, on the way, defeated George McGovern. And so Norman Lear sees the very institution of pluralism threatened.

"Dear Mr. Lear: This may be the most important letter I will address to you if I live a thousand years. Haven't you made the mistake of viewing pluralism as one's right to defy the beliefs of others and earn their vote by doing so? Yours cordially, Bill." □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What Americans have had for over two centuries — 54 58 124 135 216 227 4 32 40 67

B. To move with a crunching noise (rare) — 13 8 33 45 10

C. A white wine — 115 1 219 89 37 60 79 34

D. A city in Hardin County, Iowa — 57 12 104 185 197 212 175 76 87

E. A type of stair — 38 42 108 192 171

F. Inexperienced persons — 137 198 203 229 11 24 190 61 122 179

G. What Sinatra might have been — 129 62 14 204 214 44 22

H. Poseidon — 136 71 217 143 66 207 93

I. A material used for coloring fabrics — 26 46 55 59 68 95 126 225

J. A country whose officials might use the expression *and/or* — 132 162 222 161 72 82 17

K. A heavily populated island, U.S. — 150 23 210 128 97 167 176 114 230

L. A national park in Calif. — 173 151 236 73 49 224 98 83

M. A successful baseball player — 70 77 147 103 21 30 131 153 165 201

193 6 35 43

N. What Ibsen's *Dr. Stockmann* was called — 146 145 178 184 194 200 69 158 163 189

211 221 75 81 109 119 20 31

O. A city on an island, U.S. — 164 172 181 9 125 47 187 85 101 112

127 144 231 63

P. The poet Hunt's first name — 96 188 168 141 105

Q. A bookkeeper's records — 106 138 166 209 215 133 149 74

R. How people on a certain Italian island act (island + labor association + nation) — 36 25 92 205 208 16 29 65 183 191

S. Swirled — 121 134 223 99 155 234

T. Hurt — 139 160 117 157 182

U. Acted — 186 123 154 51 2 196 213

V. Aloof — 199 39 226 177 56 113

W. A town north of Bangkok, Thailand — 206 52 142 118 233

X. Ripped — 220 7 18 130

Y. Ancient warriors — 5 228 19 27 148 169 86

Z. A SHOT POD — 15 28 120 78 218 180 41 232

* A city mentioned in the N. T. and Shakespeare (in Turkey) — 235 50 80 90 91 110 152

\# Gerald Ambrose Griffiths' nickname — 107 102 140 170 202 48

\+ Bolted — 84 100 111 159 195 3

x A plant of the genus *Atriplex* — 88 156 174 64 53

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1436 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 C	2 U	3 +	4 A	■	5 Y	6 M	7 X	8 B	9 O	10 B	■	11 F	12 D	13 B	14 G	15 Z	■	16 R	17 J
18 X	19 Y	20 N	21 M	22 G	23 K	■	24 F	25 R	26 I	■	27 Y	28 Z	29 R	30 M	31 N	32 A	■	33 B	34 C
35 M	■	36 R	37 C	38 E	39 V	40 A	41 Z	42 E	43 N	44 G	45 B	46 I	■	47 O	48 #	49 L	50 *	51 U	52 W
53 x	54 A	55 I	56 V	■	57 D	58 A	■	59 I	60 C	61 F	62 G	63 O	■	64 x	65 R	66 H	67 A	68 I	69 N
■	70 M	71 H	72 J	73 L	■	74 Q	75 N	76 D	77 M	78 Z	■	79 C	80 *	81 N	82 J	83 L	■	84 +	85 O
86 Y	■	87 D	88 x	89 C	90 *	■	91 *	92 R	93 H	94 A	95 I	96 P	97 K	98 L	99 S	100+	101O	■	102#
103M	■	104D	105P	106Q	107#	■	108E	109N	110*	111+	112O	■	113V	114K	115C	116A	■	117T	118W
119N	120Z	121S	122F	123U	124A	■	125O	126I	■	127O	128K	129G	130X	131M	■	132J	133Q	134S	■
135A	136H	137F	■	138Q	139T	140#	141P	142W	143H	■	144O	145N	■	146N	147M	■	148Y	149Q	150K
151L	152*	153M	154U	155S	156x	157T	■	158N	159+	■	160T	161J	162J	163N	164O	165M	166Q	167K	168P
169Y	170#	■	171E	172O	173L	174x	175D	176K	177V	178N	179F	■	180Z	181O	182T	■	183R	184N	185D
186U	187O	188P	■	189N	190F	■	191R	192E	193M	194N	195+	196U	■	197D	198F	199V	200N	■	201M
202#	203F	204G	205R	■	206W	207H	208R	209Q	210K	■	211N	212D	213U	■	214G	215Q	216A	217H	218Z
219C	220X	221N	222J	■	223S	224L	225I	226V	227A	228Y	229F	230K	231O	■	232Z	233W	234S	235*	236L

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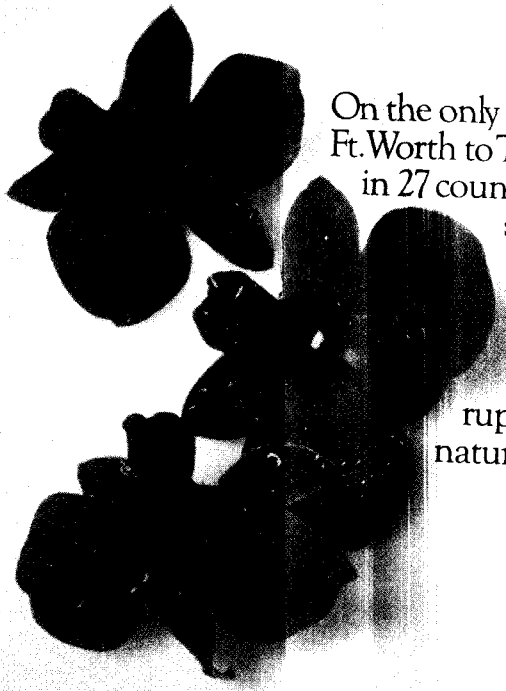

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